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"In shadow of Apollo's tree" :

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"in shadow of Apollo's Tree": Ben Jonson, the Tribe of Ben, and Roman Genealogy

by

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Barbara H. Traister
Thesis Advisor

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To my mother

and my father

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ABSTRACT

This study proposes to examine the tangible effects of the poetic influence of Ben Jonson on the Tribe of Ben. Chapter One focuses not only on Jonson's poetry, but also on the historical climate which gave rise to his personal poetic code. Subsequently, the poetry of the less successful Tribesmen is examined in terms of Jonson's literary expectations and requirements. Chapter Three concentrates on those "sons" who successfully imitate Jonson's verse, Randolph, Cartwright, Cavendish, and Herrick. Their success is ultimately Jonson's success, as his influence finds its way to a new generation of poets.

INTRODUCTION

The purpose of this study is to show the tremendous influence exerted by Ben Jonson upon a lesser-known group of seventeenth-century poets, the Tribe of Ben. This group did not subscribe to a single literary philosophy: some members were bound to the metaphysical school, some to the cavalier, and some could not even be termed full-time poets. There was, however, a unifying force at work among them: the dominating personality of Ben Jonson.

During the early half of the 1620's, Jonson presided over his disciples in the haunts of the London literary crowd. Here, the "Oracle of Apollo," shared with his young followers the knowledge of the ancients, the revived tropes and genres, which graced his finest verse. Though each of the tribesmen attempted to imitate this Jonsonian classicism, some were ultimately more successful than others. Many of Jonson's students were overwhelmed by his flamboyant persona. As a result, their imitative poetry suffers from lack of originality. The verse of the more diligent students, however, bears both a decisive voice of its own, as well as the Jonsonian stamp.

In order to differentiate adequately between the poetry of the successful followers and that of the less successful,

it will first be necessary to examine the poetry of Ben Jonson. Subsequently, I will examine the poetry of both the less successful and the successful "sons," in light of Jonson's poetic standards.

Chapter One

Ben Jonson: The Making of a Poet Laureate

From the publication of his Works in 1616 until the death of James I in 1625, Ben Jonson reigned as the premier dictator of the London literary world. His previous subversion[1] and box office failures long forgotten, he lived quite comfortably during this time on his annual royal pension of 100 marks, achieving almost celebrity status--especially among the younger generation of court poets. Fanned by their interest, Jonson was returned to the pleasantly familiar arena of the London pubs where he had once battled the likes of Shakespeare and Drayton. This time, however, Jonson was without rivals; instead he was the leader of what came to be known as the Tribe of Ben--a faithful group whose congenial meetings in the Apollo Room of London's Old Devil Tavern have since become legendary. Yet beneath the apparent revelry of Jonson and his followers, something more serious was in progress: the Jonsonian tradition of poetry, which has its roots in Roman classicism, was being passed on to another generation, and thus the legacy was ensured.

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[1]Jonson was imprisoned in 1598 for killing a fellow actor in a duel, and again from 1604-05 for supposedly anti-Scottish elements in the play Eastward Ho!.

While it is not uncommon for a weathered professional to be admired and emulated by a group of young novices, "there is nothing in literary history quite like the institution of the Tribe of Ben" (H & S, I, 108). It was an amalgam of old and new that

> was based upon no common literary formula or program, like the Cenacles of later Romanticism, or the "Pleiade" and "Areopagus" of earlier classicism; it imposed no vow of fidelity to the ideas or ideals of the master. Its bond was the magnetism of the dominating personality, a bond which no doubt exercised a subtle influence upon the writing of the younger men, yet chiefly in the way of critical control and intellectual discipline. (H & S, I, 108)

This subtle influence, however, made little impression on some of Jonson's followers; by its very nature, it was overlooked. The hard-drinking, hard-living aspect of Jonson's "dominating personality" may have blinded some of the would-be Sons of Ben to their Father's true poetic intentions. I will address this possibility later in the paper, but would first like to make clear what I consider to be Jonson's poetic expectations.

Between 1620 and 1625, Jonson worked on a fragmented series of essays known as Timber, or Discoveries,[2] in which he addresses the topic I have chosen to discuss, the

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[2]All references are to the text in Ben Jonson, ed. C.H. Herford and Percy and Evelyn Simpson, 11 vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1925-52. Hereafter they will be cited by volume, page, and line numbers.

characteristics of a good poet. Jonson requires three things of the Poet: "a goodness of naturall wit," frequent "Exercise of those parts," and "Imitation, to bee able to convert the substance or Riches of an other Poet to his owne use" (VIII, 636-37). Clearly, the element of wit is, for Jonson, an inherent quality; but the creative use of imitation is, by its very definition, something for which a poet may strive. Having taken "imitatio as the central principal of his [own] poetry" (Peterson xiii), Jonson assures us that "a good poet's made, as well as born."[3] With this philosophy he led the Sons of Ben.

In 1623 Jonson wrote "An Epistle answering to one that asked to be Sealed of the Tribe of BEN" (Und. XLVII), a poem in which he outlines not only the aforementioned duties of the poet, but the personal integrity needed to be a true Son of Ben, as well. The majority of the letter catalogues the qualities a poet ought not to possess and therefore lends itself to Jonson's larger concern with the poet's proper place in society. Poetry, as Jonson understands it, is not a public forum for the personal complaints of "those that meerely talke and never thinke / That live in the wild Anarchie of Drinke" (VIII, 218, 9-10); self-interest has no place in this art form. In addition, Jonson has "no portion

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[3]Cf. Line 64 of Jonson's "To the Memory of My Beloved, The Author, Mr. William Shakespeare, and What He Hath Left Us," which is appended to the frontispiece of Shakespeare's 1623 First Folio.

in" (l. 27) those "that will jeast / On all Soules that are absent; even the dead" (ll. 16-17), for trustworthiness is an integral part of the poet's pledge. Jonson continues to denounce the poet who arrogantly tries to dictate public policy as well as the poet who fancies ceremony above "the cause" (l. 42). This denunciation of specific qualities suggests that Jonson himself is above any self-serving betrayal of what he considers the poetic code, and it follows that he expects nothing less from his Sons.

Implicit in Jonson's personal poetic code of honor, however, is a subtle yet crucial distinction between self-service and self-praise. While Jonson certainly disparages self-service, he by no means discounts self-praise; in fact, he ranks it among the most positive qualities a poet can possess. The proof lies in the occasion upon which "An Epistle answering to one that asked to be Sealed of the Tribe of BEN," was written: the obvious exclusion of Jonson from the welcoming festivities for Prince Charles' intended bride, the Infanta of Spain. Superseded at the public event by Inigo Jones, builder of "the Glorious [but false] Scenes, at the great sights" (l. 66), Jonson privately celebrates his own elaborate reception of a devoted follower and friend. The resulting poem

> is self-praise of the most spirited and witty kind, a celebration not simply of survival by withdrawal but of self-knowledge which extends beyond mere inventory of one's contents to a confident sense of copious inner resources to be shared with the proper companions. (Peterson 112)

While Jonson's unabashed egotism may seem less than conventional, the poetic presentation of his vanity is not. In accordance with classical models, he employs a somewhat incongruous device by which he cloaks his arrogance with modesty. In order to illustrate better this device, I will now turn to another medium on which this notion bears: Renaissance painting.

In 1510, Raphael Sanzio began working on a composition that constitutes a broad statement of the High Renaissance in both artistic form and spiritual meaning--the School of Athens (Fig 1). The fresco depicts the great philosophers and scientists of the ancient world who now, rediscovered by the Renaissance, hold a conference, where they teach one another and inspire a new age. As a result, not only Platonists and Aristotelians are reconciled and harmonized by Raphael, but paganism and christianity as well. Yet amidst this synthesis of old and new, of arts and science, there exists a bold intruder: Raphael himself. The artist significantly places himself among the sages of the world (Figs. 2, 3). Ironically, in Lives of the Artists, published in 1550, Giorgio Vasari describes this self-portrait as having "an air of great modesty."[4] While this interpretation may seem almost contradictory to modern readers, I contend that the Renaissance audience, through

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[4]Vasari, Giorgio. The Lives of the Artists. Trans. George Bull. Suffolk, England: Penguin Books, Ltd., 1965. P. 292.

its revivification of classical learning, came to expect this form of arrogant modesty in not only its art, but its literature as well--and nowhere is this illustrated more brilliantly than in the poetry of Ben Jonson.

Jonson, who boasted that he himself "was better versed and knew more in Greek and Latin than all the poets in England" (I, 49), surely must have been aware of what Curtius calls the topics of antique rhetoric--ideas which "could be employed in every kind of oratory and writing."[5] Among these devices is "affected modesty," which seems to have held a special interest for Jonson. Curtius states that

> In his exordium it behooved the orator to put his hearers in a favorable, attentive, and tractable state of mind...First, through a modest presence. But one has to draw attention to this modesty oneself. Thus it becomes affected. (83)

Jonson, perhaps more than any other poet of the Renaissance, relies on this classical device in order to increase his credibility. By drawing attention to both his physical and intellectual shortcomings, Jonson the poet becomes an accessible figure, one whom the reader can trust.

In "My Picture Left in Scotland" (Und. IX), Jonson's

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[5]Cf. Curtius, Ernst Robert. European Literature and the Latin Middle Ages. Trans. Willard R. Trask. Princeton: Princeton UP, 1953. P. 79. All subsequent references are to this edition.

argument is quite simple; having been shunned by a lady, he blames not his lack of perfection, but hers.

> I now think, Love is rather deafe, then blind,
> For else it could not be,
> That she,
> Whom I adore so much, should so slight me
> And cast my love behind:
> I'm sure my language to her, was as sweet,
> And every close did meet
> In sentence, of as subtile feet,
> As hath the youngest Hee,
> That sits in shadow of Apollo's tree.
> (VIII, 149, 5-10)

Jonson, the ever-confident poet, assumes he has been slighted not because of his looks, and certainly not because of the quality of his verse, but because of a beloved who is unwilling to listen. Yet in the back of his mind, Jonson reflects on the possibility he so easily introduces and drops in the first line of the poem; perhaps his appearance does have something to do with the lady's unwillingness.

> Oh, but my conscious fears,
> That flie my thoughts betweene,
> Tell me that she hath seene
> My hundred of gray haires,
> Told seven and fortie years,
> Read so much wast, as she cannot imbrace
> My mountaine belly, and my rockie face,
> And all these through her eyes, have stopt her eares.
> (VIII, 149-50, 11-18)

Jonson willingly exposes himself for what he is: an aging, overweight, pockmarked man. His candor is quite effective; one can hardly condemn him for growing older, but can very easily commend him for gracefully admitting his

flaws. His would-be lover, however, exhibits far greater imperfections than he; insensitivity and superficiality are acquired qualities. In essence, she chooses to turn her deaf ear to Jonson because she, unlike the poet, mistakenly prizes beauty above poetry. Therefore, by admitting his natural imperfections, Jonson not only cements his trustworthiness as narrator, but illuminates the lady's comparatively unnatural imperfections, as well. By sacrificing his own physical vanity, Jonson craftily insures that his intellectual vanity remains unscathed.

Despite the fact that Jonson greatly prizes his intellect, he is not above approaching it in the same mock self-deprecating manner as he does his physical shortcomings. In his epigram to William Camden (Ep. XIIII), "this most reverend head" (VIII, 31, 1), responsible for Jonson's brief but impressive formal education,[6] Jonson not only praises his subject, but indirectly praises himself, as well. After lavishing ten lines of weighty and deserved praise upon Camden, Jonson implores his master to "Pardon free truth, and let thy modestie, / Which conquers all, be once ouer-come by thee" (ll. 11-12). Jonson, whose verse implies that Camden was a truly humble man who greatly valued modesty and tried to instill this quality in his

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[6]Camden was second master at the Westminster School, which Jonson attended from sometime after the age of seven until around his sixteenth year in 1588 or 1589 when he failed to secure a Queen's Scholarship.

students, admittedly tells us that "Many of thine this better could, then I, / But for their powers, accept my pietie" (ll. 13-14). Although "Jonson portrays himself as a youthful apprentice who still has a great deal to learn about his craft" (Riggs 229), he nonetheless manages to showcase what he has already learned: Camden's modesty. While the sincerity of Jonson's claim may be debatable, a binding conclusion is, for my purposes, irrelevant. I am less concerned with his true character than I am with his self-characterization, or to use Stephen Greenblatt's terminology, "self-fashioning."[7] The fact that Jonson calls attention to his "modesty" is quite telling all on its own; it supports my contention that he consciously and consistently uses the classical topos of affected modesty throughout his poetry.

Thus far, I have offered evidence of Jonson's reliance on classical models, but little explanation of his possible motive. In order to remedy this, I would now like to turn to the larger theoretical framework of this study, which owes much to the work of Daniel Javitch, Richard Helgerson, and Stephen Greenblatt[8].

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[7]Cf. Greenblatt, Stephen. Renaissance Self-Fashioning. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1980.

[8]Cf. Javitch, Daniel. Poetry and Courtliness in Renaissance England. Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1978; Helgerson, Richard. Self-Crowned Laureates. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1983. Also see note 7.

Javitch's central argument, which focuses on the inverse relation between the demise of the humanist courtier and the rise of the court-poet in Elizabethan England, helps explain both Jonson's emergence as the foremost court-poet of his time and his strict adherence to and promotion of classical poetic models.[9] According to Javitch, Elizabeth's court cultivated the idea that humanist-taught courtiers were the arbiters of manners and consequently

> the stimulus to write poetry was prompted by the sympathies of the courtly milieu. Rather than having a frustrating effect, the court's values served poets as a source of support and justification for their art.[10] (Javitch 15)

By the 1590's, however, the general belief in the "perfect courtier" had waned, and the confidence of the court-inspired poets had grown. As a result, the poets usurped the role of the courtiers and became the new dictators of manners (Javitch 16). It must be remembered that Jonson, who is most often labeled a Jacobean, was a product of Elizabethan England. Educated by Camden, one of the great humanists of the age, Jonson went on to become a marginally successful playwright during the reign of

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[9]Javitch's distinction between the humanist courtier and the court-poet stems from the texts to which these two factions of Elizabethan court society adhered; they are Cicero's De oratore and Castiglione's Book of the Courtier, respectively.

[10]For an opposing view of this argument see Hunter, G.K. John Lyly, The Humanist as Courtier. Cambridge: Harvard UP, 1962. Pp. 1-35.

Elizabeth. "Before the accession of Elizabeth, and even halfway through her reign, English drama was almost wholly amateur" (Bentley 3). By the last few years of her reign, however, "the stage had become one of the major growth industries of Elizabethan England" (Riggs 24). Jonson's initial foray into the emerging London literary world came at a time of great excitement and rapid change. His formative years were spent among such legendary poet/playwrights as Shakespeare and Marlowe. The court-sanctioned tradition of synthesizing "the twin heritages of popular stagecraft and formal learning" (Riggs 28) established by these men is something Jonson never abandoned. It is entwined in the basic Elizabethan courtly values he seems to have adopted. Implicit in this set of values, however, is a very real tension between the humanist educational background of the Elizabethan court-poet and the simultaneous rejection of the underlying purpose of that education.

While under the tutelage of Camden at Westminster, Jonson was required to parse, memorize, and translate hundreds of pages of both Latin and Greek poetry. Yet despite this rigorous course of study,

> The appreciation and imitation of classical poets encouraged in the Renaissance grammar school...were not intended as training in poetic diction. Orators and articulate citizens, not poets, were expected to benefit from these literary exercises and the curriculum in general. (Javitch 8)

Jonson, however, uses the humanist methodology he was taught as a boy not to advance a political career, but a poetic one instead. Though Jonson's humanist educators might have considered this line of work somewhat trivial in comparison to civic service, Jonson himself undoubtedly viewed his endeavors as noble in relation to the beleaguered state of poetry at the time. In the early 1620's, he complained "that the writers of these dayes are other things; that, not only their manners, but their natures are inuerted; and nothing remayning with them of the dignitie of Poet, but the abused name, which eury scribe usurps" (V, 17-18).

> Though the Renaissance had given new life to the idea of the poet's high calling, the practice of poetry, particularly in England, had, it seemed to the aspiring laureates, fallen into the hands of dilettantes and hacks. (Helgerson 21)

Jonson, disgusted by poetry's sorry state, attempted to redeem his craft by imitating the work of ancient poets. This decision not only set Jonson apart from the "dilettantes and hacks" who dominated the literary scene, but simultaneously allowed him to experiment with his own identity. It is precisely Jonson's desire to set himself apart from the waning literary community, to differentiate between his own poetic talent and the seemingly generic verse of his contemporaries, that results in Helgerson's labeling of Jonson and the rare few like him. "For the laureate, writing was a way of saying something about

himself. He wanted not only to be a laureate, but also to be known to be one" (Helgerson 24). Ben Jonson, through the employment of a certain genre, a specific allusion, or a classical topos, reveals himself to his audience as the poet laureate. He treats his literary persona as one would treat a character in a play. Stephen Greenblatt argues that "self-fashioning always involves some experience of threat, some effacement or undermining, some loss of self" (Greenblatt 9). In Jonson's case, what is lost or threatened is the philosophical doctrine behind his typically humanist education--an education based on an ill-fated system which "valued social and political uses of literature more than esthetic ones" (Javitch 9). Clearly his pursuit of poetry, rather than of civic duty, results in the unavoidable subversion of humanist intentions. Jonson, however, never completely abandoned his civic responsibilities; instead he couched his opinions in verse. First and foremost, Jonson was a poet, not a statesman. The sacrifices he made in the name of his vocation were worthwhile, for whatever was lost is far less important than what was eventually gained: "the shift from a humanist to a courtly ideal of the cultured man" (Javitch 11), the revival of classical poetry and a marked influence on a younger generation of poets.

Thomas M. Greene writes that

> To be an English poet after he [Jonson] wrote was to command a finer, more various

> and sophisticated power. Jonson is one of the noblest examples of the creative force available in an imitative program...he passed on a discipline. (Greene 274)

This discipline, the imitation of Roman classicism, serves as the basis of the philosophy shared by Jonson with the Sons of Ben. His disciples' task, however, was two-fold; not only were the members of his tribe encouraged to imitate the ancients, but they were expected to achieve this by expressly imitating Jonson's example. In Timber, Jonson wrote that a poet should

> ...make choise of one excellent man above the rest, and so to follow him, till he grow very Hee: or, so like him, as the Copie may be mistaken for the Principall. Not, as a Creature, that swallowes, what it takes in, crude, raw, or indigested; but, that feedes with an Appetite, and hath a Stomacke to concoct, divide, and turne all into nourishment. Not, to imitate servilely, as Horace saith, and catch at vices, for vertue: but, to draw forth out of the best, and choisest flowers, with the Bee, and turne all into Honey, worke it into one relish, and savour: make our Imitation sweet: observe, how the best writers have imitated, and follow them.
> (VIII, 638)

Here lies the crucial difference between the successful and the less than successful Sons of Ben. A number of the younger court-poets could not see past the larger-than-life Ben Jonson persona, and as a result lost sight of the real model they were supposed to imitate. Earlier in this paper, the possibility that some of the would-be Sons of Ben were

blinded by Jonson's dominating personality is briefly mentioned. At this point, I would like to address this topic at greater length, for it is the criterion by which all followers of Ben Jonson may be evaluated.

Chapter Two

"praise my freindship, though condemne my witt":

The Poetry of the Unsuccessful Tribesmen

Welcome all, who lead or follow,
To the Oracle of Apollo.

["Over the Door at the Entrance
into the Apollo," VIII, 657, 1-2]

The above poem was inscribed next to the eponymous terra-cotta bust of Apollo that stood over the doorway of the upstairs room in London's Devil Tavern, where Ben Jonson and his circle of friends faithfully met. In a few short lines, Jonson manages to capture the essence of the principle on which the Tribe of Ben was founded: devotion to Roman classicism. There was, however, another unifying force at work among the devotees; their deep admiration for the group's namesake, Jonson, may have had an even stronger influence on the younger poets than their devotion to the ancients themselves.

It is no secret that the "Cavalier ideal of the good life"[11] dominates much of Jonson's poetry and much of his personal life as well. As "chief wit and belly of the Tribe of Ben" (Cope 230), Jonson wielded enormous power over his young followers. They were apt to emulate not only his

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[11]Cf. Miner, Earl. The Cavalier Mode from Jonson to Cotton. Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1971. P. 43

verse, but his personal antics, too.[12] As a result, many of the Sons of Ben apprenticed themselves to a lifestyle rather than a poetic code. They mistakenly adopted the conventions of Jonson's persona, not his verse. That too little time was spent learning the classical tradition is apparent in the poetry of these less-than-successful sons.

A common error made by the unfortunate tribesmen is the liberal use of classical allusion as decoration only. An anonymous poem simply entitled "To M^{r} Johnson,"[13] offers a prime example of this type of embellishment.

> Anacreon, and Homer knew
> Parnassus dew,
> to be old Græco fatt and fine
> of strength divine
> which when the nine had freely tasted,
> not lives, though time and song in mirth they wasted
> In praise of Phoebus, by whose fire
> Grapes ripened are unto the Clownes desire:
> (XI, 398, 1-8)

Although the poem is laden with obvious classical references, the meaning of the verse remains oblique. Herford and Simpson accurately refer to this poem as "stupid" and "pointless" (XI, 399). In Timber, Jonson wrote, in accordance with Aristotle's definition, that a

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[12]Mildmay Fane, Edmund Waller, and Richard Lovelace were all imprisoned because of their politics during the early 1640's. Thomas Randolph, Sir John Suckling, and Lovelace all sank into miserable financial circumstances during the last years of their lives, just as Jonson did.

[13]Herford and Simpson cite this poem as part of the Harley manuscript. They date it late in Jonson's life, sometime after 1631.

poet's art is "an Art of imitation or faining, expressing the life of man in fit measure" (VIII, 635). This anonymous verse, written at least six years after the completion of Timber, hardly seems an appropriate tribute to a man who valued decorum as much as Jonson. Its encumbered lines scarcely reflect the poetic standards of a poet who raised the plain style to an art form. As a result, the classical references seem less organic than forced. It appears that the author had a formulaic approach to Jonson's brand of poetry; he understood the rudimentary conventions, but failed to grasp the larger theory on which it was based.

In another example, John Eliot wrote his short verse, "To Ben Johnson again, upon his verses dedicated to the Earl of Portland, Lord Treasurer."[14]

> Your verses are commended and tis true
> That they were very good, I mean to you;
> For they return'd you Ben as I was tould,
> A certain sum of forty pound in gold:
> The verses then being rightly understood,
> His Lordship not Ben Johnson made them good.
> (XI, 406)

Admittedly, the Jonsonian tradition involves a certain degree of criticism, even when directed by a follower toward Jonson himself. Here Eliot, who professes his friendship

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[14]Herford and Simpson cite the publisher's records which date this poem somewhere around 1624. However, it was not printed until 1640 along with Jonson's minor poems because the publisher "conceived the Age then too squeemish to endure the freedom which the Authour useth." Apparently, it was written in response to Jonson's Und. LXVIII, "An Epigram, To the Household."

for Jonson in an earlier poem,[15] freely exercises that right. This blatant criticism of Jonson's reliance on patronage, however, gives little credence to the title "friend." Clearly he attacks not only Jonson's poetry, but his motive for writing as well.

Undoubtedly Jonson, who was "naturally combative and quite intolerant of criticism" (H & S, XI, 156), did not take kindly to this breech of faith by a former friend. In the 1631 response, "To my Detractor:," (U.V. XXXVII), Eliot is vehemently referred to by Jonson as "a blatant beast" (VIII, 408, 9), a "wretch" (l. 11), and "A Mungrel Curre" (l. 15). The cause of this unusually violent reaction from a man who had endured far more humiliating criticism[16] may be attributed less to a bruised ego or a friendship scorned, than to a poetic principle misconstrued.

Eliot failed to understand how "someone whose work seems indistinguishable from the network of patronage [can] maintain a belief in its independence and therefore in the independence of his own worth and virtue" (Fish 232). For the proud and principled Jonson, a flagrant misinterpretation of intent such as this must have been almost too much to bear. Jonson well knows, it is "in the

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[15]Cf. Eliot's "An Epigram, To his Friend Ben Johnson, upon his \ Libellous Verses against the Lords of the Green- \ Cloath concerning his Sack," (XI, 406).

[16]In 1629, The New Inn was booed from the stage by the spectators at the Blackfriars.

Genius of a Poëts Verse, / The Kings fame lives" (VIII, 241, 14), yet Eliot failed to realize the driving force behind Jonson's praise poetry, that "willful act of assertion, [by which he] reverses his subordinate position and declare[s] himself the center of a court and society more powerful and more durable than any that may seem to contain him" (Fish 261-62).

Ironically, even the poetry of those friends and followers who clearly understood Jonson's poetic intentions is not always successful. Lucius Cary, Second Viscount Falkland for example, who according to Clarendon was at eighteen "master of the Latin tongue, and had read all the poets, and other of the best authors with notable judgment for that age" (Clarendon, I, 35), wrote a heartfelt yet somewhat labored poem on the death of his closest friend, Sir Henry Morison.[17] "An Elegie on the death of my dearest (and almost only) freind Syr Henry Moryson,"[18] written in late 1629 or early 1630 is full of the "idle questioning...[of] a youth who was nursing his grief" (Weber, 48).

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[17]In Carmarthen, Wales, in August of 1629 , Morison died of sickness at the age of twenty or twenty-one.

[18]The text of Cary's elegy is quoted from Kenneth B. Murdock's article, "An Elegy of Sir Henry Morison, by Lucius Cary, Viscount Falkland," Harvard Studies and Notes in Philology and Literature. 20 (1938): 29-42.

Now let me question death: "I'th first
place, why
"Thougsts thou it fitt that he in Wales
should dye,
"A place where men com but by accedent,
"And onely is of Goths the elament?
(ll. 265-67)

Next death I aske, "What reson did thee make
"My grandmother and my best friend to take
"Soe neare about a time?
(ll. 301-3)

Amidst the grieving questions, however, Cary does attempt to draw some solace from Seneca's ninety-third epistle, which contends that a short life lived well is a long one (Peterson 198):

Yet amongst those who a race doth runn
He of the fleetest pace hath soonest donn,
When those of a more snaylish criplings pace
Continue longer in the selfe same race,
Soe he scorneinge to expect times ripeninge
Brought, before's autumne, haruest in his springe.
(ll. 155-60)

This moment of consolation is the exception in Cary's elegy, as the majority of the poem is spent describing the magnitude of his anguish. At one point, he compares himself to Lot's wife:

The iustice which from God one Lothes wife fell
Doth now beginne to seeme moe miracle
(Men doe beleiue shee was strangely turn'd
Only by greef to see lou'd Sodom burn'd)
For it appears that naturally might bee,
I being pillar turn'd as well as shee;
I'me made (by other tymes to bee related)
A metamorphosis Sands nere translated.
(ll. 93-100)

While the image of Cary rendered motionless by Morison's death is acceptable, the allusion is

> singularly inappropriate as imitation, since the plight of Lot's wife, implicitly compared by Cary to one of Ovid's metamorphoses translated by his friend George Sandys, is due to grief at the destruction not of virtue but of notorious vice.
> (Peterson 198)

In addition, Cary's classical allusion to the tale of Pythias and Damon is equally as inappropriate as his biblical reference. As Reason addresses the sorrowing author in lines 38-92, she argues that

> "Pithias would haue confesst (your frendshipp seene)
> "That his to Damon enmitie had bene,
> "Conpar'd to yours.
> (ll. 55-57)

Yet, less than thirty lines earlier in the poem, Cary confesses that

> Death, I'de haue giuen thee the choise of either
> T'haue tane us both, or left us both together.
> (ll. 29-30)

The incongruity lies in the fact that while Pythias and Damon were each willing to die in the other's place, Cary is unwilling to sacrifice his friendship with Morison at any cost. The only viable alternatives for Cary would have been to perish with his beloved friend or for them both to have been spared.

Although Cary, who "ripened early in his learning but not in his ability to profit from it" (Peterson 199), wrote a less than perfect tribute to young Morison, his efforts

did serve one undeniably positive purpose; they prompted Ben Jonson in 1631 to write his unequaled Pindaric ode, "To the immortall memorie, and friendship of that noble paire, Sir LVCIVS CARY, and Sir H. MORISON" (Und. LXX), a poem which "represents not a facile Anglicizing of classical motifs but that rare thing, the true child of the ancient literature that precedes it" (Peterson 230).

In turn, Jonson's ode prompted Cary in late 1631 or early 1632 to try his hand again at elegizing Morison.[19] The resulting poem, "Epistle: An Anniversary," which is dedicated to Jonson, shows "a great improvement in spirit, if not in poetic skill, over his first" (Peterson 230), but is still plagued with problems arising from Cary's attempted imitation. This time, however, the model seems to have been Jonson's poetry rather than that of the ancients. Recognizing "the difficulty of trying to follow behind the great poet's final harvest of the meaning of his friendship with Morison" (Peterson 230), Cary, in the apostrophe to Jonson, prematurely apologizes:

> What here is ill in them (w^{ch} I fear
> is all) it belongs only to my self;
> if there be any thing tollerable, it
> is somethinge you drop't negligentlie
> some day at the Dogg, & I tooke vp.
> (XI, 400)

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[19]Presumably, Cary wrote another elegy on Morison sometime prior to this one and after the one previously mentioned. Herford and Simpson cite line 87 of Cary's "Anniversary," in which he refers to the poem as his "third Farewell," as evidence.

In the opening lines, Cary assures Jonson that his poem "but imitates thy frendship, not thy Verse" (ll. 5-6). However, the following ninety lines of Cary's effort contradict that statement. He repeatedly employs rhetorical devices which bear the Jonsonian stamp, but not the Jonsonian verve. Most notedly, Cary relies on the affected modesty topos. Unlike Jonson, however, Cary's use of this trope does not secure the reader's confidence in his reliability, but undermines it instead. After pointing out the inferiority of his verse in the apostrophe, and referring to his poetry as something less than polished, something "rehearse[d]" (l. 5), Cary confesses that his "Affection cannot bee / better expres't, then by ill Poëtrye" (ll. 13-14).

While Cary has a rudimentary understanding of how the affected modesty device functions, he lacks the sensibility displayed by Jonson, who never attacked the quality of his own verse. While he was the first person to admit his imperfect physical attributes, Jonson, above all else, prized his poetic prowess. Even in 1629, old, paralyzed, and long out of favor with the court, Jonson still had the integrity and stamina to defend his work. In the prologue for <u>The New Inn</u>, steadfast Ben declares that

> If any thing be set to a wrong taste,
> 'Tis not the meat, there, but the mouth's displac'd,
> Remoue but that sick palat, all is well.
> (Prologue, ll. 7-9)

Although the tone is silken, the message is clear:

> Jonson will defend his work, not by pointing out its merits (which ought to be obvious) but by attacking the judgement of those who presume to criticize. The possibility of real debate about the play is closed off; the stance is that of a fighter. (Leggatt 208)

Cary, much less of a contender than Jonson, continues the self-deprecating attack on his poetic skills by confessing that "I am certaine, euen what here is writt / Will praise my freindship, though condemne my witt" (ll. 23-24). Understandably, Cary feels insecure in the shadow of Jonson's poetry, but in attempting to account for his subservience, he places a crucial poetic requirement in jeopardy: his "witt." The first quality needed by any poet is "a goodness of naturall wit," as Jonson states in Timber. Clearly, Cary displays poor judgment in questioning the most fundamental attribute which, as a poet, he is supposed to possess.

Despite Cary's blunders, he is capable of producing careful, though not servile, poetry.[20] He eventually learned how to temper his craft, how to prove his "aptness as Jonson's son" (Peterson 231). The art of imitation, in

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[20]Cf. Richard S. Peterson's comments on Cary's "To His Noble Father, Mr. Jonson" in Imitation and Praise in the Poems of Ben Jonson. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1981. Pp. 231-32.

accordance with Jonson's dictum on the subject,[21] is a process. Although the members of the Tribe of Ben had some acquaintance with the ancients and all incorporated in their verse material borrowed from them, the extent of their knowledge and the degree of their assimilation of the classics varied with the individual (McEuen xi). The successful members of the Tribe found that to "sup free, but moderately" (VIII, 64, 35), upon the works of both Jonson and the ancients yielded the kind of verse which paid lasting tribute not only to their mentor's talent, but to their own talent as well.

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[21]Cf. VIII, 638-639.

Chapter Three

"To glory in the age of your great name":

The Jonsonian Legacy

In 1779, Samuel Johnson wrote in Lives of the English Poets that

> Wit, like all other things subject by their nature to the choice of man, has its changes and fashions, and at different times takes different forms.

Ben Jonson, more than one hundred fifty years earlier, was already painfully aware of this fact. Having once fallen out of favor with the monarchy,[22] he was keenly aware of the instability of the London literary climate and the ensuing problems of politically-fueled criticism and even censorship. In "An Epistle answering to one that asked to be Sealed of the Tribe of BEN," Jonson portentously fears that "in time I may / Lose all my credit with my Christmas clay, / And animated Porc'lane of the Court" (VIII, 219, 51-53). Concerned that his well-deserved reputation might crumble as easily as a "fraile Pitcher" (l. 56), Jonson concludes that he must trust himself, as well as his "square, wel-tagde, and permanent" (l. 64) friends to preserve his verse.

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[22]Cf. note 1.

This is the challenge with which the Sons of Ben were faced. That some followers were better able to fulfill their filial duties than others is undeniable. The successful Sons of Ben, unlike the poets examined in the previous chapter, were able to capture the essence of Jonson's literary and personal beliefs in imitative yet distinctly original verse. In order to illustrate how they carried on the tradition, I have chosen to focus on the work of Thomas Randolph, William Cartwright, William Cavendish, and most notably Robert Herrick.

Having already attained minor success with his first published work in English, Aristippus, or the Joviall Philosopher, Thomas Randolph came to London in 1630 specifically to meet Ben Jonson. Sometime after this,[23] Randolph penned "A gratulatory to Mr Ben Johnson for his adopting of him to be his Son," a poem in which the responsibilities as well as the benefits of the position are outlined. The opening lines, marked by the same negative construction used by Jonson in "To Penshurst" (The Forest II), only serve to emphasize the privilege granted to an

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[23]Herford and Simpson cite this poem as post-1628 due to the reference by Randolph to Jonson's "Palsie" in line 56 (XI, 391, note). Jonson did not suffer a paralytic stroke until that year. Considering, however, that Randolph did not meet Jonson until 1630, I believe it is not unreasonable to credit the writing of this poem to that same year. While it is not impossible for Jonson to have accepted Randolph as a "son" prior to meeting him, it is highly unlikely since the Tribe of Ben was based on both poetry and personal relationships.

adopted son of Jonson's.

> I was not borne to Helicon, nor dare
> Presume to thinke my selfe a Muses heire.
> I have no title to Parnassus hill,
> Nor any acre of it by the will
> Of a dead Ancestour, nor could I bee
> Ought but a tenant unto Poëtrie.
> But thy Adoption quits me of all feare,
> And makes me challenge a childs portion there.
> I am a kinne to Heroes being thine,
> And part of my alliance is divine.
> (ll. 1-10)[24]

Randolph, keenly aware of his "father's" rather healthy ego, continues to praise Jonson, and simultaneously praises himself (ll. 11-18). Knowing full well that Jonson referred to himself as the "Oracle of Apollo" (VIII, 657, 2), Randolph portrays Jonson as "not only Apollo's `Priest' but as brother of the Greek and Roman poets" (Peterson 114), thus securing his own place in the ancient genealogy. While this tactic may seem less than modest, it is, in terms of the Jonsonian tradition, simply a sign of Randolph's worthiness. He knows what Jonson expects of a "son," and he knows exactly how far he may push a point.

> I will boast
> No farther than my Father; that`s the most
> I can, or should be proud of; and I were
> Vnworthy his adoption, if that here
> I should be dully modest; boast I must
> Being sonne of his Adoption, not his lust.
> (ll. 25-30)

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[24]All references to Randolph's poetry are to The Poems and Amyntas of Thomas Randolph, ed. John Jay Parry. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1917.

Randolph also makes the distinction between the duties of an adopted and a natural son. It is suggested that the luxury of choice somehow outweighs the natural order of things. Not only may Randolph boast of his own resourcefulness in having asked for the adoption, but he may also delight in the prestige that comes with the acceptance. He now bears the stamp of the once great, though now somewhat declining Ben Jonson.

Although the "position of Jonson in these later years is in fact by no means adequately described as that of a literary dictator...[the Sons of Ben] were not mistaken in recognizing his supremacy" (H & S, XI, 106). During his last bedridden years, Jonson executed a return to the stage. In 1631 his comedy, The Magnetic Lady, enjoyed moderate success at Blackfriars. Following this, The Tale of the Tub was licensed in May of 1633 to the Queen's Men, and was presumably played by them on the public stage (H & S, XI, 100). Early the following year, it was presented at Whitehall in what amounted to a considerable success for someone removed from the stage as long as Jonson had been.

With this minor resurgence, however, Ben Jonson's literary career came to an end. Although little is known about this phase of his life, there is evidence that he may have spent his last remaining months working on the Sad

Shepherd,[25] an oddly lyrical piece for a man whose "diction, in the plays, is rarely poetic" (H & S, I, 284). It is impossible to know for sure whether or not this was his final work. We can be certain, however, that Ben Jonson died almost penniless and in debt[26] on August 6, 1637 in his small Westminster home and was buried three days later.

In early 1638, "about sixe moneths since the most learned and judicious Poet, B. IONSON," died, Jonsonus Virbius, a collection of elegies in his honor, was published. Many of Jonson's friends, political acquaintances, and disciples contributed to the edition. The verse of Robert Herrick, however, one of the most successful of Jonson's "sons," is conspicuously absent. His independent tribute to Jonson will be examined later.

William Cartwright, dramatist and divine, allowed his poem, "In the memory of the most Worthy BEN: IONSON" (XI, 455-459), to be included in Jonsonus Virbius.[27] Although

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[25]Herford and Simpson cite lines 257-59 of Cary's elegy, "An Eglogue on the Death of BEN. IONSON, betweene Melybæus and Hylas," as evidence of this claim.

[26]According to Herford and Simpson, this is officially certified in the Act Book of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster anno 1637, fol. 53.

[27]All references to selections included in Jonsonus Virbius are to pages 429-481 of volume XI of Herford and Simpson's Ben Jonson.

Cartwright is a "son" of Jonson[28] and surely felt a personal loss at his death, his elegy is a very public poem. In it, he bemoans the world's loss of the "Father of Poets" (l. 1), a loss which has left men with "fury, but no raptures now" (l. 13). He presents Jonson, "Skill'd when to spare, and when to entertaine" (l. 60), as a literary paragon whose sense of decorum distinguishes him from London's lesser poets. Cartwright's praise is that of a devout follower, one who understands the Jonsonian code of poetry. He pays tribute to each quality in which Jonson himself took pride: wit, originality, decorum, precision. Perhaps most importantly, Cartwright praises Jonson's underlying motive, the primary reason he produced such quality poetry.

> thou hast writ
> Not for dispatch but fame; no market wit:
> 'Twas not thy care, that it might passe and sell,
> But that it might endure, and be done well:
> (ll. 99-102)

Above all else, Jonson was concerned with the longevity of his work. Cartwright's mention of this desire is not only testimony to his own adeptness as a "son" of Ben, but it is an attempt to ensure that Jonson's work survives. I believe these few lines function on three distinct levels. Most immediately, they serve to remind the reader of Jonson's honorable motive and desire. Secondly, the lines

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[28]In Cartwright's collection of comedies and poems, 1651, the preface to the reader cites Jonson's statement on Cartwright: "My son Cartwright writes all like a Man."

imitate Jonson's verse, in both their intent and their conciseness, thereby echoing his style. Finally, there exists the possibility that Cartwright's verse will withstand the test of time, in which case the Jonsonian tradition may find its way to another generation of poets.

This question of legacy is a recurring theme among the tributary poetry of Jonson's followers. In another Jonsonus Virbius selection, "To Ben: Ionson's Ghost" (XI, 489), by William Cavendish, Earl of Newcastle, the subject is broached. Cavendish begins by securing his own poetic intention as a Jonsonian:

> I would write of Thee, Ben; not to approue
> My witt or Learneing; but my Iudgment, Loue.
> (ll. 1-2)

Judgment, in this case, is a far more important quality for Cavendish than either wit or learning because it signifies the critical control inherited from Jonson. As proof of his adopted line of reasoning, Cavendish praises his "father" as discriminatingly as Jonson himself praises in the Epigrams.

> Should I compare Thee to Rome's dust, that's dead?
> Their witt, to Thine's as heauy as thy lead:
> Should I prophane Thee to our liueing Men?
> Th'are light as strawes, and feathers to Thee,Ben.
> (ll. 5-8)

After expressing the common fear among the "sons" that since the death of Jonson "there's not a Poet more" (l. 12), Cavendish describes Jonson with a phrase, which is both

accurate and appropriate: "Our Country's Glory!" (l. 13). Jonson, who believed in "the notion that Great Britain was a single entity, descended from the Roman Empire, and destined to revive the glories of Augustan Rome" (Riggs 17), would have revelled in the title Cavendish bestowed upon him. For the ~~step~~-son of a brick-layer to be remembered as the embodiment of England's magnificence is a tremendous accomplishment. In fitting tribute, Cavendish borrows Jonson's own words in order to bring his poem to a close.[29] Although the phrasing is not his own, Cavendish's contention that Jonson is a "Monument, without a Tombe" (l. 18), is sincere. The use of Jonson's own words suggests that the great compliment originally paid by Jonson to Shakespeare is equally, if not more, appropriate when applied to Jonson himself. Again we see an attempt by one of Jonson's followers to preserve the work of the "father," by incorporating it into his own. Perhaps more than anywhere else, we see this form of tribute in the work of Robert Herrick, "the truest and greatest poetical Son of Jonson" (McEuen 13).

The relationship between Ben Jonson and Robert Herrick was by nature a dual one. Despite their spirited camaraderie in the London pubs, the basis of their relationship was that of teacher and student, father and

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[29]Cf. Jonson's "To the memory of my beloued, The AUTHOR Mr. William Shakespeare: And what he hath left vs" (VIII, 391, 22).

son. Herrick, Jonson's most loyal disciple, clearly pays tribute to his mentor not only through his style but through his subject matter as well. In order to demonstrate this I will examine the parallels between Jonson's tributary poems to Shakespeare and Herrick's tributary poems to Jonson, as well as the basic Jonsonian influence on Herrick's poetry. It will be obvious that I consider the common characteristics to be something more than clever imitation on Herrick's part. I regard these patterns as the mark of an exemplary student who, through the incorporation of a style he admired into a voice that is distinctly his own, pays tribute to his friend as well as his mentor.

The most elegiac of Herrick's tributary Jonson poems is "Upon M. Ben. Johnson: Epig."[30] In the title, which foreshadows the tone of the poem, Herrick uses the word "M<aster>," which may be an indication of the way in which he views his relationship with Jonson; apparently, Herrick sees himself as the student, the subordinate of a talented and revered teacher. The tone of Herrick's epigram, which recalls that of Jonson's "To the memory of my beloued, The AVTHOR, Mr. William Shakespeare: And what he hath left vs" (U.V. XXVI), a poem written in a similar vein of admiration and tribute, is testimony to Herrick's status as "the most

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[30]All references to Herrick's poetry are to the 1648 edition of Hesperides, and will hereafter be referred to by page and line numbers.

brilliant of all the `sons" (H & S, I, 111).

The striking similarities between the two poems suggest that Herrick had Jonson's poem in mind when writing his tribute to the "rare arch-poet"--Jonson himself. Both poems express an extreme sense of loss. However, this loss, albeit one felt on a personal level,[31] is strongly presented in both works as a public privation. Not only have our poets lost their friends, but the stage has lost its inspiration--the latter a loss sorely felt by all. Jonson contends that the "drooping stage...hath mourn'd like night" (VIII, 488, 78-79), since the passing of Shakespeare, while Herrick, in tribute not only to Jonson's career but to Jonson's style as well, pictures the stage in a state of "pitied widowhood" (173, 4), now that "all wit in utter darkenes" (l. 17-18), sits. Herrick, like Jonson, chooses to cast the bereaved world in darkness--a darkness that has only one cure. Both Jonson's and Herrick's stage will remain in their degenerative state until reunited with the "Starre of Poets" and the "rare arch-poet," respectively. This potential revivification of the stage is represented by two distinctly different, yet startlingly similar images.

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[31]While Jonson's relationship with Shakespeare, unlike the one between Herrick and Jonson, was not primarily personal, it certainly influenced his career--a career Jonson took very seriously. When considering, in light of this, Jonson's personality, his tendency to react violently to even the most innocuous criticism of his most public poetry, the fervor with which he partook of the "wit matches" at the Apollo, it is easy to understand the personal loss he must have felt at Shakespeare's death.

Jonson chooses the obvious remedy for darkness--light. Herrick, however, focuses on the "resurrection" of the stage. Jonson, who refuses to admit that Shakespeare is actually dead, has no need to resurrect him. Therefore he operates within the light/dark motif. Herrick, whose poem begins with the line, "After the rare arch-poet Jonson died," needs to bring his master back from the grave in order to save the stage. Although for each poet the means are different, the end is the same--the revival of the stage. The similarities between the two poems are subtle, yet indicative of Jonson's influence on Herrick. This trend continues in Herrick's other poems concerning Jonson.

The similarities between Herrick's "Upon Ben Jonson" and Jonson's "To the Reader"[32] (U.V. XXV), which is appended to the frontispiece of the 1623 Shakespeare first folio, can hardly be ignored. Once again, the poems concern Jonson and Shakespeare. They are directed, however, to the admirers of the deceased poets' works rather than the poets themselves. While Herrick's poem is fit to be printed on the headstone of Jonson's grave and Jonson's poem is an accompaniment to the brass engraving of the Bard found in the First Folio, both poems are concerned with history, legacy, and what constitutes a proper memorial. Jonson writes:

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[32] Although there exists some dispute over the authorship of this poem, I attribute it to Jonson as I assume Herrick would have based on the initials, "B.I.," which accompany the poem in the 1623 Shakespeare first folio.

This Figure, that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the Grauer had a strife
With Nature, to out-doo the life:
O, could he but have drawne his wit
As well in brasses, as he hath hit
His face; the Print would then surpasse
All, that was ever writ in brasse.
But, since he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.
(VIII, 390)

Jonson contends that if indeed the "Graver" could have captured Shakespeare's real gift, his wit, then there would exist a true work of art. However, since this is not the case, any admirer of Shakespeare is urged to look to the only place where he may experience Shakespeare's wit--"his Booke." The reproduction of Shakespeare is less than satisfactory because the qualities that Shakespeare possessed cannot be reproduced. The highest purpose served by the engraving, then, is that of a catalyst; it arouses the viewer's curiosity. The true Shakespearian experience may only be found in the text.

Herrick, too, argues that the true "glory" of his mentor Jonson lies not on the headstone but in "his story."

Here lies Johnson with the rest
Of the Poets; but the Best.
Reader, wo'dst thou more have known?
Ask his Story, not this Stone.
That will speak what this can't tell
Of his glory. So farewell.
(342, 1-6)

The function of the headstone is comparable to that of the engraving in the previously mentioned poem. It may serve as

a marker, a bit of history, but the real indicator of Jonson's wit is his poetry. The implication is that Jonson will live in history through his body of work, not through the grave marker. Herrick's advice to any interested party is to take leave of the stone and embrace the true Jonson through reading. The inadequacy of monuments expressed by Jonson and Herrick is taken one step further by Herrick. The final two words of his poem, "So farewell," suggest that he feels the same way about his poem as he does about the headstone. It, too, is an improper monument to his beloved Jonson. Herrick not only dismisses the reader from standing before the headstone, but from reading his poem as well. Unlike Jonson, who is never one to deprecate his own work, and who dismisses the engraving but not his own poem, Herrick is willing to humble his own poetry before Jonson's greatness. Since Herrick is incapable of conveying the brilliance of Jonson's poetry, the reader must experience it for himself. Although Herrick shares Jonson's love of great poetry and his desire to create it, he does not share his mentor's penchant for fame. Herrick is willing to dismiss his own poetry in favor of his audience turning to the singular art of Jonson's poetry.

The Herrick poems discussed up to this point have been written from the point of view of a student, an admirer. I would now like to turn to Herrick's more personal poetry written in honor of Ben Jonson. The difference in tone

gives us a more complete view of their relationship, for not only was Jonson Herrick's mentor, but his friend as well. The first of what I shall refer to as Herrick's "familiar" poems is "His Prayer to Ben Jonson." This poem is a bridge to the most familiar poem, "An Ode for Him."

"His Prayer to Ben Jonson" is written in a dual voice. At once we are exposed to elements which suggest that the speaker is both a friend and a follower of Jonson's. There also exists the dichotomy of invoking a Muse in the manner of a saint.

> When I a verse shall make,
> Know I have praid thee,
> For old religion's sake,
> Saint Ben, to aid me.
> (249, 1-4)

Praying to "Saint Ben" for poetic inspiration is certainly proof enough of Herrick's devotion to Jonson as almost a cult figure of the "old religion"[33] of poetry where Jonson truly is a saint to be worshipped. However, the phrase, "for old religion's sake," also suggests that the speaker's action will be taken in the name of friendship--a rare friendship born in the pubs of London. This double flavor continues in the next stanza:

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[33]Cf. Donne's "The Canonization" which also (in quite another context) meshes the secular with the spiritual world; perhaps this poem served as a precedent for Herrick's treatment of poetry as a religious endeavor.

Make the way smooth for me,
When I, thy Herrick,
Honouring thee, on my knee
Offer my Lyrick.
(ll. 5-8)

Simultaneously, Herrick asks for a favor from an old pal and speaks of genuflecting in his honor as well. By the third and final stanza of the poem, all elements of mere friendship have vanished:

Candles I'll give to thee,
And a new Altar;
And thou, Saint Ben, shalt be
Writ in my Psalter.
(ll. 9-12)

Only the reverent, devoted disciple remains. The final image is religious: candles, altar, psalter. Ben Jonson is truly a secular saint of poetry by this time--at least as far as Herrick is concerned. The tone of the final stanza, however, offers new insight on Herrick's canonization of Jonson.

Herrick's offer to include "Saint Ben" in his psalter in exchange for poetic inspiration is a bit solicitous. The effect of Jonson's "aid" to Herrick will be two-fold. Not only will the value of Herrick's poetry be enhanced by its inspiration from a master such as Jonson, but simultaneously Jonson will be immortalized. Knowing full well Jonson's weakness for flattery and fame, Herrick offers his mentor the perfect bait. Joseph H. Summers contends that

> Jonson would not have invented that naive voice which both insists on the invocation of the saints of the old religion and offers a bribe of a private canonization; but he surely would have responded to the wit and delicacy of `Honouring thee, on my knee / Offer my Lyrick'.(Summers 53)

Summers is, I think, perfectly correct in his assumption that Jonson would have responded to "the wit and delicacy" of one of his students. However, the claim that Jonson would not have used the same "naive" tactic as Herrick is arguable. Just as Herrick appeals to his mentor's fondness for notoriety, Jonson himself is guilty of appealing to his own mentor's fondness for modesty in "To William Camden." Although Herrick and Jonson appeal to very different qualities in their subjects, the vehicle by which they do this is the same. In this respect, I do not think that Herrick's intent is at all naive. Rather he makes clear that he is a true Son of Ben--one who knows his mentor's weaknesses as well as his virtues. Perhaps Herrick ends the poem in this fashion because it most closely describes the dominant phase of his friendship with Jonson. It is possible that above all else, Herrick felt most like a disciple of Jonson. Perhaps "friend" is too weak a word to describe the nature of the relationship.

Herrick's janus view of Jonson as both friend and mentor dominates the final poem I would like to address, "An Ode For Him." Clearly it begins as a poem written by one dear friend to another. The title itself suggests a

personal relationship. The use of the word "for" in the title is the revealing factor. Most often an ode is written "to" someone or "on" someone, not "for" someone. The use of "to" signifies that the poem is written in honor of the particular object while the use of "on" suggests a certain degree of contemplation. However, the use of "for" suggests a more personal celebration, which culminates in a poetic gift. In this poem, Herrick attempts to speak to Jonson strictly as a friend:

> Ah, Ben!
> Say how, or when
> Shall we, thy Guests,
> Meet at those Lyrick feasts,
> Made at the Sun,
> The Dog, the triple Tunne?
> Where we such clusters had
> As made us nobly wild, not mad;
> And yet each Verse of thine
> Out-did the meat, out-did the frolick wine.
> (343, 1-10)

The opening line fondly recalls times past--the fine company, the verse, the food, the wine. (After all, Herrick was sealed of the Tribe of Ben.) Yet there is a twinge of regret to the poem--the longing for something that can no longer exist, for a friend lost. In the second stanza there is a sense of a need to preserve the tradition of Ben Jonson:

> My Ben!
> Or come agen:
> Or send to us,
> Thy wits great over-plus;

But teach us yet
Wisely to husband it;
Lest we that Tallent spend:
And having once brought to an end
That precious stock; the store
Of such a wit the world sho'd have no more.
(344, 11-20)

The exclamation "My Ben!" is reminiscent of Jonson's own emotional outburst in "On My First Sonne" (Ep. XLV). Herrick's tone is just as mournful as that of a bereaved father; it is that of a bereaved son. At this point the poem written by a friend comes to an end, and the poem written by a son, a disciple begins. The subordinate tone seems almost subliminally to enter the poem as Jonson is invoked once again. Herrick wants to keep the Jonsonian tradition alive, but he cannot do it alone. He needs the guidance of the master in order to be successful. The poem draws to a close with the fear that the world should never know another wit as great as Jonson.

Herrick's numerous poems about Jonson testify to the unfailing respect he felt towards him as both a poet and a friend. Herrick makes clear his respect not only through his choice of subject matter and style, which undoubtedly bear the stamp of Ben Jonson, but through his poetic acumen as well. Like his model, Jonson, Herrick's discernment is impeccable; never does he praise too little or too much, too hastily or too deliberately. Jonson himself wrote, "a good poet's made, as well as born," and Herrick, knowing this, makes himself a great poet not by copying, but by

complementing a style he admired. Rather than simply imitate Jonson, Herrick adopts a world view similar to his mentor's--a firm belief in the "good life," the brotherhood of men, and the cultivation of poetry and its traditions.

CONCLUSION

The poetry of the members of the Tribe of Ben provides us with more than simple poetic imitation or the result of filial duties fulfilled; it lends us a sense of literary history. Encoded in the verse of his successful followers are the signs of Jonson's poetic dicta: the reliance on Roman sources, the rhetorical strategy, the dominating personality. These men, who recognized in Jonson's work the same qualities we value today, chose to adopt his poetic beliefs as their own. In doing so, they fostered Jonson's personal as well as his public views. It would have been impossible for them to have done otherwise considering the indistinguishable line between the two.

The usually noted division between the public poet and the private man[34] is, I think, a needless fabrication when considering the whole of Jonson's poetry. He is as much a character in his poetry as he is its author; his personality is never quite divorced from the text. As a result, the members of the Tribe of Ben carried on in their own verse not only Jonson's poetic tradition of the dominating personality, but reminders of Jonson's private traditions as

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[34]Cf. Earl Miner's chapter. "The Social Mode," in his The Cavalier Mode from Jonson to Cotton. Princeton: Princeton UP, 1971, and David Rigg's Ben Jonson: A Life. Cambridge: Harvard UP, 1989, pp. 1-5.

well: political biases, personal allegiances, etc. In time, the presence of Jonson is less immediatley felt in the poetry of those who followed him; the adopted Jonsonian poetic tradition, however, is not diluted.

The poetic standards set by Ben Jonson are the same standards adopted by the great poets of the Restoration, who, in true Jonsonian fashion, added their own stamp of individuality to an already established literary tradition. Without the efforts of the Tribe of Ben, the poetic emergence of the individual voice might never have been introduced to a new age of poets. The combined efforts of a group of poets now considered minor accomplished no minor feat; the Tribe of Ben spared Jonson from the thing he feared most: anonymity.

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APPENDIX

BIOGRAPHICAL INFORMATION

Ben Jonson (1572?-1637)

John Eliot (1590-1632)

Lucius Cary (1610-1643)

Thomas Randolph (1605-1635)

William Cartwright (1611-1643)

William Cavendish (1592-1676)

Robert Herrick (1591-1647)

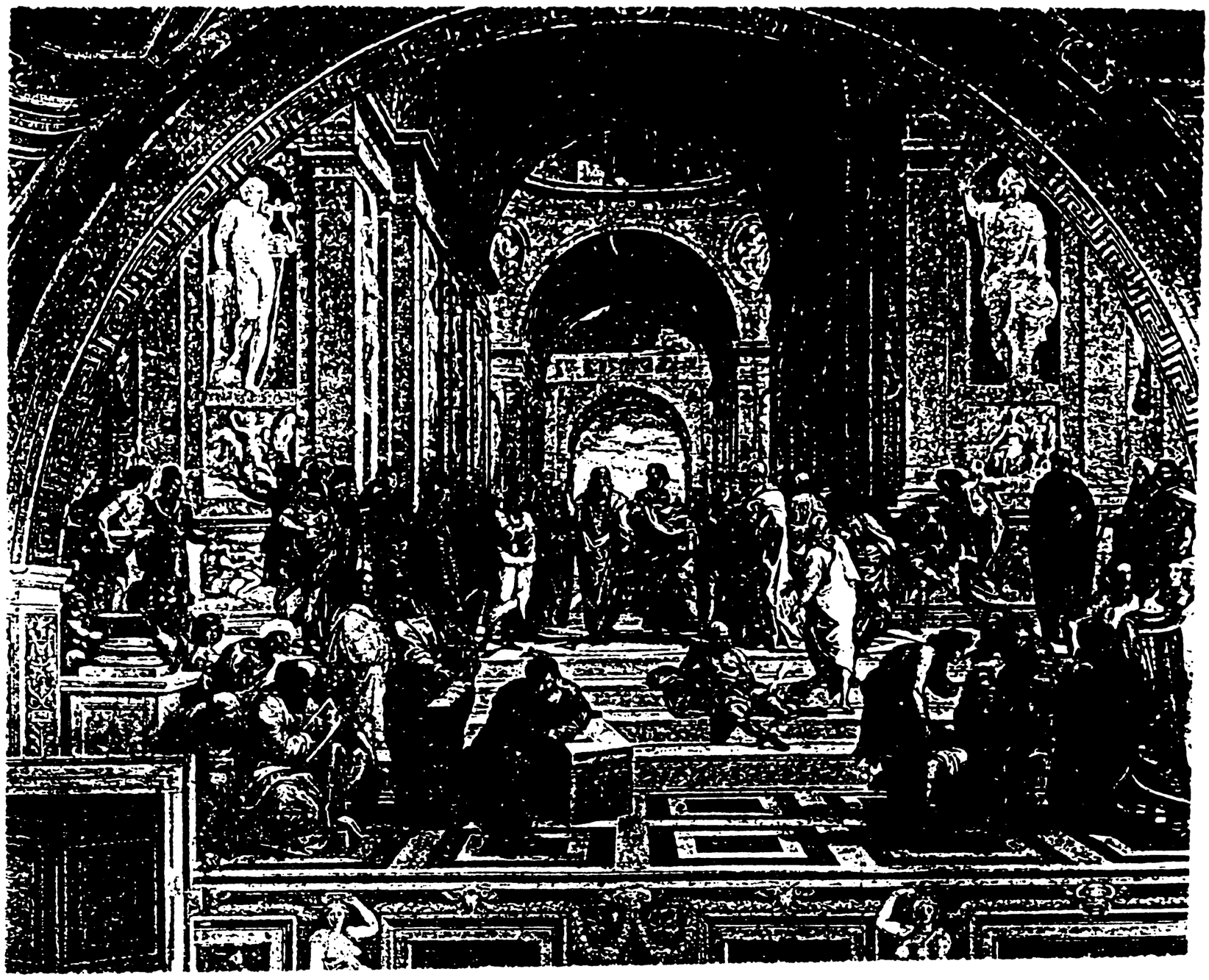

Fig. 1: Raphael, The School of Athens (c. 1510-11), Stanza della Segnatura, Vatican, Rome.

Fig. 2: Raphael, <u>The School of Athens</u> (c. 1510-11), detail, lower right-hand corner, Stanza della Segnatura, Vatican, Rome.

Raphael is the person in the black cap off to the right.

Fig. 3: Raphael, The School of Athens, (c. 1510-11), detail, lower right-hand corner, Stanza della Segnatura, Vatican, Rome.

Raphael is the person in the black cap off to the right.

POEMS CITED

BEN JONSON

I. An Epistle answering to one that asked to be Sealed of the Tribe of BEN. Under-wood XLVII.

Men that are safe and sure in all they doe,
Care not what trials they are put unto;
They meet the fire, the Test, as Martyrs would;
And though Opinion stampe them not, are gold.
I could say more of such, but that I flie
To speake my selfe out too ambitiously,
And shewing so weake an Act to vulgar eyes,
Put conscience and my right to compromise.
Let those that meerely talke and never think,
That live in the wild Anarchie of Drinke,
Subject to quarrell only; or else such
As make it their proficiencie, how much
They'<h>ave glutted in, and letcher'd out that weeke,
That never yet did friend, or friendship seeke
But for a Sealing: let these men protest.
Or th'other on their borders, that will jeast
On all Soules that are absent; even the dead;
Like flies, or wormes, which mans corrupt parts fed:
That to speak well, thinke it above all sinne,
Of any Companie but that they are in,
Call every night to Supper in these fitts,
And are received for the Covey of Wits;
That censure all the Towne, and all th'affaires,
And know whose ignorance is more then theirs;
Let these men have their wayes, and take their times
To vent their Libels, and to issue rimes,
I have no portion in them, nor their deale
Of newes they get, to strew out the long meale;
I studie other friendships, and more one,
Than these can ever be; or else with none.
What is't to me whether the French Designe
Be, or be not, to get the Val-telline?
Or the States Ships sent forth belike to meet
Some hopes of Spaine in their West-Indian Fleet?
Whether the Dispensation yet be sent,
Or that the Match from Spaine was ever meant?
I wish all well, and pray high heaven conspire
My Princes safetie and my Kings desire,
But if, for honour, we must draw the Sword,
And force back that, which will not be restor'd,

I have a body, yet that spirit drawes
   To live, or fall a Carkasse in the cause.
So farre without inquirie what the States,
   Brunsfield and Mansfield doe this yeare, my fates
Shall carry me at Call; and I'le be well,
   Though I doe neither heare these newes, nor tell
Of Spaine or France; or were not prick'd downe one
   Of the late Mysterie of reception,
Although my Fame, to his, not under-heares,
   That guides the Motions, and directs the beares.
But that's a blow, by which in time I may
   Lose all my credit with my Christmas Clay,
And animated Porc'lane of the Court,
   I, and for this neglect, the coarser sort
Of earthen Jarres, there may molest me too:
   Well, with mine own fraile Pitcher, what to doe
I have decreed; keepe it from waves, and presse,
   Lest it be justled, crack'd, made nought, or lesse:
Live to that point I will, for which I am man,
   And dwell as in my Center, as I can,
Still looking to, and ever loving heaven;
   With reverence using all the gifts then<ce> given.
'Mongst which, if I have any friendships sent,
   Such as are square, well-tagde, and permanent,
Not built with Canvases, paper, and false lights,
   As are the Glorious Scenes, at the great sights;
And that there be no fev'ry heats, nor colds,
   Oylie Expansions, or shrunke durtie folds,
But all so cleare, and led by reasons flame,
   As but to stumble in her sight were shame;
These I will honor, love, embrace, and serve:
   And free it from all question to preserve.
So short you read my Character, and theirs
   I would call mine, to which not many Staires
Are asked to climbe. First give me faith, who know
   My selfe a little. I will take you so,
As you have writ your selfe. Now stand, and then,
   Sir, you are Sealed of the Tribe of Ben.

Rpt. from Ben Jonson, ed. C.H. Herford and Percy and Evelyn Simpson, 11 vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1925-52. VIII, 218-219.

II. To William Camden
Epigrammes XIII.

Camden, most reverend head, to whom I owe
  All that I am in arts, all that I know,
(How nothing's that?) to whom my country owes

The great renown, and name wherewith she goes.
Than thee the age sees not that thing more grave,
More high, more holy, that she more would crave.
What name, what skill, what faith hast thou in things!
What sight in searching the most antique springs!
What weight, and what authority, in thy speech!
Man scarce can make that doubt, but thou canst teach.
Pardon free truth, and let thy modesty,
Which conquers all, be once overcome by thee.
Many of thine this better could, than I,
But for their powers, accept my piety.

Rpt. from Ben Jonson, ed. C.H. Herford and Percy and Evelyn Simpson, 11 vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1925-52. VIII, 31.

III. Over the Door at the Entrance into the APOLLO.

Welcome all, who lead or follow,
To the Oracle of Apollo.
Here he speaks out of his Pottle,
Or the Tripos, his Tower Bottle:
All his Answers are Divine,
Truth itself doth flow in Wine.
Hang up all the poor Hop-Drinkers,
Cries Old Sym, the King of Skinkers;
He the half of Life abuses,
That sits watering with the Muses.
Those dull Girls, no good can mean us,
Wine it is the Milk of Venus,
And the Poets' Horse accounted.
Ply it, and you all are mounted;
Tis the true Phoebian Liquor,
Clears the Brains, makes Wit the Quicker:
Pays all Debts, cures all Diseases,
And at once, three Senses pleases.
Welcome all, who lead or follow,
To the Oracle of Apollo.

Rpt. from Ben Jonson, ed. C.H. Herford and Percy and Evelyn Simpson, 11 vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1925-52. VIII, 657.

IV. An Epigram, To the House-hold.
Under-wood LXVIII.

What can the cause be, when the K<ing> hath given
  His Poët Sack, the House-hold will not pay?
Are they so scanted in their store? or driven
  For want of knowing the Poët, to say him nay?
Well, they should know him, would the K<ing> but grant
  His Poët leave to sing his House-hold true;
Hee'ld frame such ditties of their store, and want,
  Would make the very Greene-cloth to looke blew:
And rather wish, in their expence of Sack,
  So, the allowance from the King to use,
As the old Bard, should no Canary lack.
  'T were better spare a Butt, then spill his Muse.
For in the Genius of a Poëts Verse,
  The Kings fame lives. Go now, denie his Teirce.

Rpt. from Ben Jonson, ed. C.H. Herford and Percy and Evelyn Simpson, 11 vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1925-52. VIII, 241.

V. To my Detractor:
Ungathered Verse XXXVII.

My verses were commended, thou dar'st say,
  And they were very good: yet thou think'st nay
*ff*or thou objectest (as thou hast been told)
  Th'enuy'd returne, of forty pound in gold.
*ff*oole, doe not rate my Rymes; I'haue found thy Vice
  Is to make cheape, the Lord, the lines, the price.
But bawle thou on; I pitty thee, poore Curre,
  That thou hast lost thy noyse, thy foame, thy stirre,
To be knowne what thou art, a blatant beast,
  By barking against mee. Thou look'st at least,
I would write on thee? No, wretch; thy name
  Shall not worke out vnto it, such a fame.
Thou art not worth it. Who will care to knowe
  If such a Tyke as thou, er'e wer't, or noe?
A Mungrel Curre? Thou should'st stinck forth, and dye
  Nameless, and noysome, as thy infamy!
No man will tarry by thee, as hee goes,
  To aske thy name, if he haue half his Nose!
But fly thee, like the Pest! Walke not the street
  Out in the dog-daies, least the killer meete
Thy Noddle, with his clubbe; and dashing forth
  Thy Dirty braines, Men smell thy want of worth.

Rpt. from Ben Jonson, ed. C.H. Herford and Percy and Evelyn

Simpson, 11 vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1925-52.
VIII, 408-09.

VI. To the memory of my beloued, The AVTHOR MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE : AND what he hath left vs. Ungathered Verse XXVI.

To draw no enuy (Shakespeare) on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy Booke, and Fame :
While I confesse thy writings to be such,
As neither Man, nor Muse, can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all mens suffrage. But these wayes
Were not the paths I meant vnto thy praise :
For seeliest Ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but eccho's right ;
Or blinde Affection, which doth ne're aduance
The truth, but gropes, and vrgeth all by chance ;
Or crafty Malice, might pretend this praise,
And thinke to ruine, where it seem'd to raise.
These are, as some infamous Baud, or Whore,
Should praise a Matron. What could hurt her more ?
But thou art proofe against them, and indeed
Aboue th'ill fortune of them, or the need.
I, therefore will begin. Soule of the Age !
The applause ! delight ! the wonder of our Stage !
My Shakespeare, rise ; I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lye
A little further, to make thee a roome :
Thou art a Moniment, without a tombe,
And art aliue still, while thy Booke doth liue,
And we haue wits to read, and praise to giue.
That I not mixe thee so, my braine excuses ;
I meane with great, but disproportion'd Muses :
For, if I thought my iudgement were of yeeres,
I should commit thee surely with thy peeres,
And tell, how farre thou didst our Lily out-shine,
Or sporting Kid, or Marlowes mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latine, and lesse Greeke,
From thence to honour thee, I would not seeke
For names ; but call forth thund'ring Æschilus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to vs,
Paccuuius, Accius, him of Cordoua dead,
To life againe, to heare thy Buskin tread,
And shake a Stage : Or, when thy Sockes were on,

Leaue thee alone, for the comparison
Of all, that insolent Greece, or haughtie Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triúmph, my Britaine, thou hast one to showe,
To whom all Scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time !
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When like Apollo he came forth to warme
Our eares, or like a Mercury to charme !
Nature her selfe was proud of his designes,
And ioy'd to weare the dressing of his lines !
Which were so richly spun, and wouen so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other Wit.
The merry Greeke, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please ;
But antiquated, and deserted lye
As they were not of Natures family.
Yet must I not giue Nature all : Thy Art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enioy a part.
For though the Poets matter, Nature be,
His art doth giue the fashion. And, that he,
Who casts to write a liuing line, must sweat,
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Vpon the Muses anuile : turne the same,
(And himselfe with it) that he thinkes to frame ;
Or for the lawrell, he may gaine a scorne,
For a good Poet's made, as well as borne.
And such wert thou. Looke how the fathers face
Liues in his issue, euen so, the race
Of Shakespeares minde, and manners brightly shines
In his well torned, and true-filed lines :
In each of which, he seemes to shake a Lance,
As brandish't at the eyes of Ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Auon ! what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appeare,
And make those flights vpon the bankes of Thames,
That so did take Eliza, and our Iames !
But stay, I see thee in the Hemisphere
Aduanc'd, and made a Constellation there !
Shine forth, thou Starre of Poets, and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or cheere the drooping Stage ;
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like night,
And despaires day, but for thy Volumes light.

Rpt. from Ben Jonson, ed. C.H. Herford and Percy and Evelyn Simpson, 11 vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1925-52. VIII, 391-93.

ANONYMOUS

I. To Mr. Johnson:

Anacreon, and Homer knew
   Parnassus dew,
to be old Græco fatt and fine
   of strength divine,
which when the nine had freely tasted,
not lives, though time and song in mirth they wasted
   In praise of Phoebus, by whose fire
   Grapes ripened are unto the Clownes desire:
A greater one by farre
   because a living starre
hath given thee nectar, that thy veine may runne
high, when thou writ'st of him our seeing Sunne;
   who had he reigned
   when Gods were feigned,
Thus farre the Paynims had beene blest,
he had beene one, and none the rest.
Canary rockes but dreamt of then
   unknowne to men,
are lately planted for a Juice
   Ben: for thy use;
who art to write the lasting story
of him, who is of happy Isles the glory;
and yet he wrongs them in their fame,
the kings before him for him haue noe name;
   Be then a Bardh, and lye
   beyond beleefe, or eye,
   write the maides bloud
   as right, as good;
Trades-men may crowne thy head with bayes
Such as nought else can blast but praise;
But tis not in thy power to doe
   ought that can wooe
the Ditty witts; mount up to Joue
   let him approue
thy starry flight; proclaime his largesse
Contemne what London gaue to but thee larges;
drinke Imperiall Sacke, and Scorne
to write of the may'res horse, or Copia's horne.

Rpt. from Ben Jonson, ed. C.H. Herford and Percy and Evelyn Simpson, 11 vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1925-52. XI, 398-99.

LUCIUS CARY, SECOND VISCOUNT FALKLAND

I. To my dearest freind & Sister M^rs^ Lettice Moryson

I am too much in ernest now for I
Doe not now antedate an elegie
As I did last; my then fayned greife for you
Is thus reueng'd, by beinge in him made true.
That theise are vaine to you, all men may spye,
Whoe knew him better, though not more then I;
And had he for the publique knowledge sweate
His fame had beene as broad as it was greate,
And then t'were plaine to all, & t'were a shame
To thinke an elegie beyond his name.
To all his knowers I know I haue donn
When I haue sayde, "Here's Harry Morrison";
Prayseing him by that prayse his prayse were ended,
For in that praise all praise is comprehended.
But he desir'd that but few him should rayse,
And scorn'd ranke, sweaty, wasted stocking prayse,
And caus'd, by soe dispising all below him,
That som that should haue don soe did not know him;
And lest they of that loss might still repent,
To bate their loss this picture I present,
Swearing the fault, if ought of good the' miss,
I'th picture-maker, no the paterne, is.

An Elegie on the death of my dearest (and allmost only) friend Syr Henry Moryson

I know not but good fortune blinde may bee,
I'me sure misfortune doth most clearly see;
Had shee not binne of marke-women the best
How could shee him haue singled from the rest,
Of all the thronging heard hadd there being but one
Whose losse to mee could bring affliction?
Death, I'de haue given thee the choise of either
T'haue tane us both, or left us both together.
Now I must greiue, and none shall shackle mee
With mouldy sawes of flatt philosophie,
For reason findes such reason to deplore
My losse, shee greiues that I canne greiue noe more;
Shee counsells more and urgeth mee to doe it,
Instead of snaffling mee, shee spurrs mee to it.
Thus reason reasons: "Fyrst all men's liefes end
"Is to haue happinesse, that is, a freind,
"Which thou hast had, and lost, and it is more
"From being rich to fall downe to bee poore

"Then not to haue binne soe--who is used to ride
"To cry `For Christ sake' by a coaches side,
"For him whose porte hath like a prince's showne
"To come to haue nothing hee canne call his owne.
"Hee of necessitie must loath to liue,
"Being forct to aske, who hath binne wont to giue,
"When who are borne toote beare it patientlie,
"Beleeuinge riches belowe beggerie;
"Soe this misfortune is made more not lesse
"For hauing usherd binne by happinesse.
"Hee was not like to those freind-seeming freinds
"Who neuer loue, except they loue for ends.
"Th'Arcadian faind freinds in affection
"Were paraleld in you both, in worth by one:
"Pithias would haue confesst (your frendshipp seene)
"That his to Damon enmitie had bene,
"Compar'd to yours. The greatnesse of your crosse
"Is that 'tis an irreperable losse;
"There were some mesure [?] in your affliction,
"Were there more Harry Morysons then one,
"But hee, though like a phoenix singular,
"Diffred in this--his ashes barren are.
"All other men haue for there wishes scope,
"If nothing els bee left there is left hope,
"For fortune canne, if shee a toy doe take,
"Of any Codrus a great Croesus make.
"Thee shee can't helpe, for thy past happinesse
"Will keepe thy mouth still out of taste for lesse,
"And equall hee hath none. O who is hee
"Could bee content a Passa backe to bee
"From being Great Turke, or could endur to fall
"From being Pope to bee a cardinall,
"Though that in't selfe bee much? Soe thy past joie
"In him, all ioies in less freinds will distroie;
"Nay, though of like to him great were the store,
"His loss hath frighted thee from hauing more;
"All the estate of thy affection
"Thou venturdst in one bottome; that being gon
"Who would such venturous ventures more desyre?
"A ship wrackt man feares rockes, a burnt childe fire.
"Yet for all these discomfortes I haue past
"I'le minister one comforte at the last:
"Fortune one thee of spite hath spent her store,
"And soe hath hurte thee now shee canne noe more,
"(As who all reddy is the lowest of all
"Is certaine that hee canne noe lower fall).
"Thy senses will bee soe gangrend by this,
"Miserie will bee indistinct from blisse,
"And this misfortune past thou now dost beare,
"Thou henceforthe wille forgette to hope or feare."
I reason reason-like, and that makes mee
Almost make Niobe's task a history.

The iustice which from God one Lothes wife fell
Doth now beginne to seeme noe miracle
(Men doe beleiue shee was strangely turn'd
Only by greef to see lou'd Sodom burn'd)
For it appeares that naturally might bee,
I being pillar turn'd as well as shee;
I'me made (by other tymes to bee related)
A metamorphosis Sands nere translated.
I now haue found that low expression, teares;
How poore it is for him a friend's name beares
The unanswerable reason I haue gothe
Is: at this news my man weepes, I weepe not.
A child for want of bredd and butter crost,
Who hath his rattle or his corrall lost,
Doth soe expresse himselfe, and then shall I
Thinke it enough for such a losse to crie?
O might there but such newes bee brought to mee
That, soe I'de parte from my whole pedegree,
I might recouer him! That happy chance
Would rayse mee from a dump into a dance;
Enioying of a freind's the greatest blisse,
And loosing all kinne is a iest to this.
My father, dead, I'de greiue, but more and rather
For being my freind then that hee is my father;
Theere's nothinge of my free will in the one,
I'me onely tyde too't by opinion,
And I to him still that same dutie haue
Were he a motlyde foole, a pillaride knaue;
Spite of my teeth, he must my father bee,
Hee's not my freind unless his worth I see.
I neare till now found (I was such a foole)
The extreame happines of a chayre or stoole,
For since such sharpe greife on our sences falle
How blest are they that haue noe sence at all!
O might I but my mind and spirit see
Chang'd, or with the jack-goose or, fish, with thee!
For this, next to the Gospell, I beliue:
What euer can not loue, can not griue.
Th'use of philosophy hath allwayes beene
To pump out passions leakes haue taken in;
This use compar'd to follye's use is small,
A thick skin'd sence can neuer leake at all.
Besid's theise heauie tart aflicktions
Unteach all Seneca's instucktions,
And greife breakes by its chaine shot batterye
The reason-rampart of philosophye;
Where as, by them that build on folly's ground,
Greife, far from beeinge felt, is neuer found.
Would it not make me allmost madd to see
Such a through age liue not, and scarsly bee,
Such as haue eares through which noe noyse can br [eak]
To theire shut heareinge, nor heard when they speake,

Who, haueing ehes see not, and can not goe,
Their lodge beeinge not for use, allthough for show,
Dauid's description of the Images
Prooueinge not onely theuths but prophisies
(His words resemblinge not soe well by far
What those things weare, or what theise noe-men are).
Such as we may unburied coorses call,
Continue still, now hee is hought at all,
When in respect it might respected bee
He should be death's-proofe, if not sicknes free;
Yet as amongst those who a race doth runn
he of the fleetest pace hath soonest donn,
When those of a more snaylish criplings pace
Continue longer in the selfe same race,
Soe he scorneinge to expect times ripeninge
Brought, before's autumne, haruest in his springe.
Therefore death reapt him and a way did beare
Sooner by much then who more backward were,
Soe in that sence he did dye ould though younge,
And did diue much, all though it was not longe.
For all his youth, as coppyes use to falle
Short of a most exact originall,
Men at threescore are rare if halfe that plenty
Of witt and worth they haue he had at twenty.
Next, to add all the spite it can deuise,
That sicknes spares his page, of which he dies.
Boy, thou hads't beene (had he not gon alone)
Hapie thy maister still to haue wayted on!
Had death his witt hard or his beauty seene,
By the one or the other he had moued beene,
Allthough he were of more then tiger kind,
Which certaynly proues him both deafe and blind.
His beauty (if afection doe not erre)
Amayde of honnor and a bullbegger
Equally twixt: manly, yet did not fright,
A most unwenchlike looke, yet did delite;
And sure (till this desease did horred make him)
Death neuer could find in his hart to take him.
Had he desemblings knowen more then by fame,
Or seeinge in some booke, perchance, the name,
He might haue manie Oenones haples left,
Many a Menelas of his Hellen reft,
Or haue in coseninge wenches equall beene
To Pamphilus in the Arcadia seene;
But his words could not from his concience shrinke:
He sckorn'd to say ought that he could not thinke;
Noe woman beeinge of perfection
Enough to merit his affection,
He tould none that they had it, nor made proude
Any of more then was of them a loude;
Soe much all valour that his haueinge more
Then came unto his share, did soe unstore

His countrimen that that the cause must bee
Our Endglish last it both at Cales and Ree;
Soe infinite a witt, that had theire all
That from him with out heede did drop and fall
Into a volume but collected beene,
We had bye his extemporaries seens
That it hath beene all other authors' course
To bite theire nayles and sweate for thinges much wors;
Could this, by us collected, by him mayde,
Haue beene to Alexsander but conuayde,
When he full tedious Homer soe esteemd
The conquer'd casket fit for him hee deemde,
Then Homer and the casket both had gon
To haue but purchast this collection.
T'was this infinitie of wit did make
Some bribe death him a way soe soone to take,
Who, though the archwits o' the past age, found yet
They must theire top sayles vayle to his more wit.
Ballsac did find the letters he did write
Were the eclipsinge his epistles quite;
Dun did feare (more then feare, for he did know it)
That he was like to arise the maister poet,
And though he was so admired in his time,
T'would scarse a loude be shortly he did rime;
Prince Henricque feard, though he the States long s[eru'd],
That his reward was for this youth reseru'd
(He t'was that must unfetter them from Spaine
And roote them in their liberty agine).
But in this paterne we may easely see
What is the end of uniust polisy
They dig'd a pitt, and did in to it fall;
They'le not be second-witts, th'are non at all;
As in greate howses many doggs are found
That onely liue on crums that fall on ground
And yet are fat, wch crumes if they grew scant,
The first must pine, and after starue for want;
Eauen soe theise men were seru'd, theire witts beinge a[ll]
Fedd with the crumes did from his table fall,
Now, theire plott breakeinge up, his howse did starue,
And are rewarded as the doe deserue:
Dun is soe far from persisting he
Can scarce find out tow words whose sound like be;
Balsack 'ith hobnayle prayse his salutation
Begins after my harty comendation;
Prince Henricque hath soe quite forgot his wiles
He scarsely now doth know his ranks from files.
But I must stop a while, for heare I see
What may to this by som obiected be:
How could it be his wit, theire wits should store,
That him soe many yeares did liue before?
As we by the sonn's to-rise-light see cleare
An hower before the sonn him selfe apeare;

For if the sonn such strength hath that an hower
We see not by his presence, but his power,
Why may not they as well with this dispence,
And find that the foreruning influence
Of his strong wit, before that his wit came,
Did giue them wit enough to giue them fame,
And when his wit's sonn's set, looseing his light
Of wit, it was to all perpetuall night.
Spaine's Philip, though he both the Indias haue,
Is not a marinedi's rich in his graue;
The Mogull, ore whose land noe bird can fly,
Leaues euery acre, if he chance to dye;
Yet he his ingrost witt doth beare away,
And scarcely suffered sence with us to stay,
Nor hath he left us as a legasy
One glimps of wit to be his elogie.
Now let me question death: "I'th first place, why
"Thougsts thou it fitt that he in Wales should dye,
"A place where men com but by accedent,
"And onely is of Goths the elament?
"Knowinge wherere hee dyde that place must be
"Curst euer after most incessantly,
"Thou this place found'st, which the continuall curss
"Of all humanity can not make worss,
"It beinge such (if I may trust to tales)
"Noe curss can curss it more then still be Wales."
Death to eternity hath helpt a towne
Had else beene buried in obliuion;
I see that from the smallest townes doe spring
My gretest good hap, and gretest sorrowinge:
Our Sauior at thach't Bethelem borne is,
Whoe is both mine and the world's generall bliss,
And at Carmarthan, full as poorely built,
My joyes are irramediably split
By looseinge thee. Now't may be esily showne
Carmarthan wil as long as Troy be knowen,
With out blind Homer's helpe; when euery stone
Is gon, the memory will not be gonn.
Had Wales beene at one mine, like India,
Then something for it selfe it now might say,
That for the gould dig'd from its bowels forth
It did expect as right that soe much worth
Should be interred theere, requitall-wise;
It hop't for payment by soe rich a prise.
But thou hads't neauer but one silluer mine,
That scarse did twenty shilings yeld to coyne.
Would'st thou haue him for that? Hee'se not your due;
Since hee must buried be, bee it in Perue--
Then all the riches borne away by Spaine
WEre twenty fould by him restord a gine,
Then of that earth the empty bowels would
Thinke them selues richer far, then when they had gould.

Next death I aske, "What reson did thee make
"My grandmother and my best freind to take
"Soe neare about a time? Dids't thou esteeme
"I merry for all the one might chance to seeme,
"Thinking I esily her death might beare
"Coming with sixteene hundred pounds a yeare,
"And least I ill might counterfet a mone,
"To saue desembling sorrow, send'st me one
"To make me thought good naturd when men err
"And thinke my griefe for him a griefe for her?"
Soe that he with me might be more then euen,
When I cam to my lands, hee cam to heauen,
And, as hee had in woth, soe he in this
Had aboue me a Beniamin's share in bliss.
I hitherto had share in all his ioyes,
But now his happines mine quite destroyes.
Whilst he in nonage was he dwelt below,
Remaineing in the wardship heare of woe;
His liuery sude, being one and twenty euen,
And at full age tooke his possession, Heauen.
Could fortune thinke the gift then giuen to me
Would make mee with my losse contented be,
And that my joy for that my greife might smother,
Waying one equally against an other?
Soe strangely I was not compos'd, to hate
Lands, money, howshould stufe, juells and plate,
But, soe accompanied, all utterly
Were buried in that load of misery;
Now all is lost that is upon mee plac'd,
As hee a phesant had, that had noe tast,
As if Laniere should to a deafe one singe,
Or I should Hellen to blind man bringe.
There is noe reason Jobe should praysed bee
For beareing of his fortune patiently;
Who could not christion-like beare such a cross,
Where children, howses, sheepe, are all the loss?
For had hee had amongst them such a freind,
Of his laments we nere had had an end;
With out his priuee counsell, that misery
Would haue inspir'd him to curse God and die,
And t'would be ease to my aflicktion
To dye o' the same wepon he dide upon,
But this my wish is quite denide by fate--
I can it reach with nothinge but my hate.
I thought when ere hee di'de, whome I lou'd soe,
I should loue nothinge after him but woe;
I did most certainely expeckt to haue
All my affection buried in his graue.
Now, though my oue to him be still the same,
As greate as ere it was, me thinks I am
Executor to his afection,
And soe am tide to pay to euery one

What loue was due from him; and first I doe,
His mother, freind, adress my selfe to you,
And his loue added to my owne doe sweare;
They aske you blessing to whome you are less deare.
Then you, his aunt and sister, he beinge gonn,
Shall be to mee my Harrie Morrison.
My loue now can not reach him, 'tis your due,
I am resolu'd to loue him still in you,
And pray you vouchsafe to my affection
That it may speake but one perswasion:
Doe not unheauen his Heauen soe much to make
A triall whether Heauen in, greife can take,
For, but that place as little doth lett in
The most small sorrow as the most small sinn,
I am asurd he still doth loue you soe
Nothing could griue him like your greiuous woe;
T'would be to him an accedentall ioye
To se you beare his greife with small anoy.
And now, fayre soule, farewell, for I doe know,
If you aboue can thinke on us below,
It is imposible that I should be
As yet exiled from thy memory,
To requite which I sollemly doe swear
The loue is such, which I to thee doe beare,
That whilst I haue remembrance it shall be
Its cheefe imployment to remember thee.

Rpt. from Kenneth B. Murdock's article, "An Elegy of Sir Henry Morison, by Lucius Cary, Viscount Falkland." Harvard Studies and Notes in Philology and Literature. 20 (1938): 29-42.

II. Epistle:
An Anniversary:

On S^{r} H: M: wth an Apostrophe, to my Father: Ionson.

Noble Father

I must imitate M^{r} Gamaliel Du: both in troubling you, wth ill verses, and the intention of professing my seruice to you by them. It is an Anniversary on S^{r} Harry Morison. In w^{ch}, because there is something concernes, some way, an Antagonist of yours, I haue aplied it to you. Though he may be angry at it, I am yet certaine that, tale tempermentum sequor vt de ijs quærj non poterit, si de se bene sentiat. What here is ill in them (w^{ch} I feare is all) it belongs only to my self; if there be any thing tollerable, it is somethinge you drop't negligentlie some day at the Dogg, & I

tooke vp.

Tu tantùm accipies, ego te legisse putabo,
et tumidus Galla credulitate fruar.

S^r I am
Your Sonne, & Servant.

This is Poëtique furie! When the pen
of such a Poet-paramount, as Ben,
Hath writt, to write againe! and dare to meane
(Where such a Sickle reapt before) to gleane!
But pardon *ff*ather, for what I rehearse,
but imitates thy frendship, not thy Verse.
Thou of thy Mistresse; and his Mistresse, say;
his acts; Her beauties, let thy Muse display;
Shew vs, he will fifth Henries acts repeat,
and proue a greater Charles, then Charles the Great!
how now he gouernes, and will conquer men!
and write hie Iustice now; his triumphs then!
This is thy work! My'Affection cannot bee
better exres't, then by ill Poëtrye.
Hee wrong's his Greif els, if he seeme t'haue time
to change an Epithite, dislike Time.
If what he writt he crosse, or it appeares
his paper haue a blott, but from his teares.
Passion being strong, Invention should be weak.
such Verse as Quarles makes God-all-mighty speake
Would serue a Mourner; and admired bee
for the no Care, and the Humility.
And I am certaine, euen what here is writt
Will praise my freindship, though condemne my wittl
Could Orpheus be reuiu'd, and greiued bee
but for my freind, as his Eurydice;
Although his Ayres transformed tree's to men,
This subject would returne them Trees agen.
All sexes, ages, minds, those that haue knowne
All seuerall shafts of sorrowe, or els none,
Must greiue at this, and so their losse discerne
that must repractize greif; and this just learne!
Could I out-volume Fox, Tostatus, Prinn,
What their workes are; what his (if lik'd) had binn,
T'were a short Epitaph; tho' they should aspire
to be Bulk, fit for my funerall fire.
Hee had an Infant's innocence, and truth,
the iudgment of Gray-Hayres, the witt of Youth.
Nor a yonge rashnes, nor an ag'd Despaire;
the Courage of the first, the Second's care;
And both of them might wonder to discerne
his ablenes to teach, yet will to learne.
Hee was a liuing Epick Poëm, soe
Leading vs on, to what we did not knowe:

And, being what wee were not, made vs see
What wee should offer at; and sweat to bee:
Learned, ere most can spell; and did attain
to speake, what most admir'd, ere most speake plaine.
Soe readie Latine, and witt so keene,
he ris' to be a Lipsius at fifteene!
Judg'd others soe; himself inough could doe,
to be a Reader; when he was read too!
Not like to those, Who will no Science raise,
except in it, themselues doe share a praise;
Who make a scorne at Euclide, if they can
not tell what is a Paralellogramme:
hate all Antiquitie, for they not knowe
Whether the Talmud be a towne or noe.
Count Poëtrie, worse, then any Cross-rung Chime:
because they neuer could arriue at Rime.
Hee lou'd, yet made no verse, Neither was hee,
One of those Puritanes in Poësie
that scorne the Fathers, in that art: by cause
they would themselues be such, and giue vs Lawes.
When to'ard that fame, what can their Sonnetts doe?
(as short-liu'd as the Beauties, they rime to?)
Hee to great Virgill, such affection tooke,
he was no more his Reader, but his booke!
Did Ouid's, and high Lucans praise display,
Without beholdingnes to Sands or May!
And next, his admiration fix't on thee,
Our Metropolitane in Poëtry!
Though the same pace, with his, few witts could walk,
he was no common Barrator in talk;
not a Mun-wood in witt, to quarrell still
With euery weaker-one, which his could kill:
To eclipse others, was not proudly glad;
Discretion rul'd him soe, that though he had
sharpenes, and valour, past an Athiest's doubt,
Neither his witt, nor sword, were alwaies out.
Fit Enemies he soe both chose, and knewe,
that one who could haue out-rail'd Montague
could haue mou'd no frowne, in him; if he were
as farr vnworthy of his wrath, as feare!
And, how he chose hie freind's; I now had showne;
but I should haue disprou'd that, being one.
Now, ancient Youth, I take my third Farewell;
Which (may my greatest blessing proue my Hell)
If yearely I remember not; and proue,
All thy Deserts did not exceed my Loue;
Though enuie could in thee no fault display,
Excepting what would haue been shau'd away
With thy first-downe; nor could'st, but then, resigne;
being imperfections of thy Age, not thine.
For I much rather shall expect to see
thy Resurrection, then a Youth like thee.

--hic ille dies quem semper acerbum,
Semper honoratum (sic Dij voluistis) habebo. |

Lucius Cary:

Rpt. from Ben Jonson, ed. C.H. Herford and Percy and Evelyn Simpson, 11 vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1925-52. XI, 400-03.

THOMAS RANDOLPH

I.A gratulatory to Mr Ben Johnson for his adopting of him to be his Son.

I was not borne to Helicon, nor dare
Presume to thinke my selfe a Muses herie.
I have no title to Parnassus hill,
Nor any acre of it by the will
Of a dead Ancestour, nor could I bee
Ought but a tenant unto Poëtrie.
But thy Adoption quits me of all feare,
And makes me challenge a childs portion there.
I am a kinne to Heroes being thine,
And part of my alliance is divine.
Orpheus, Musaus, Homer too; beside
Thy Brothers by the Roman Mothers side;
As Ovid, Virgil, and the Latine Lyre,
That is so like thee, Horace; the whole quire
Of Poets are by thy Adoption,all
My uncles; thou hast given me pow'r to call
Phoebus himselfe my grandsire; by this graunt
Each Sister of the nine is made my Aunt.
Go you that reckon from a large descent
Your lineall Honours, and are well content
To glory in the age of your great name,
Though on a Herralds faith you build the same:
I do not envy you, nor thinke you blest
Though you may beare a Gorgon on your Crest
By direct line from Perseus; I will boast
No farther than my Father; that's the most
I can, or should be proud of; and I were
Vnworthy his adoption, if that here
I should be dully modest; boast I must
Being sonne of his Adoption, not his lust.
And to say truth, that which is best in mee
May call you father, 'twas begot by thee.
Have I a sparke of that coelestiall flame

Within me, I confesse I stole the same
Prometheus like, from thee; and may I feed
His vulture, when I dare deny the deed.
Many more moones thou hast, that shine by night,
All Bankrups, wer't not for a borrow'd light;
Yet can forsweare it; I the debt confesse,
And thinke my reputation ne're the lesse.
For Father let me be resolv'd by you;
Is't disparagement from rich Peru
To ravish gold; or theft, for wealthy Ore
To ransack Tagus, or Pactolus shore?
Or does he wrong Alcinous, that for want
Doth take from him a sprig or two, to plant
A lesser Orchard? sure it cannot bee:
Nor is it theft to steale some flames from thee.
Grant this, and I'le cry guilty, as I am,
And pay a filiall reverence to thy name.
For when my Muse upon obedient knees,
Askes not a Fathers blessing, let her leese
The fame of this Adoption; 'tis a curse
I wish her 'cause I cannot thinke a worse.
And here, as Piety bids me, I intreat
Phoebus to lend thee some of his own heat,
To cure thy Palsie; else I will complaine
He has no skill in hearbs; Poets in vaine
Make him the God of Physicke; 'twere his priase
To make thee as immortall as thy Baies;
As his own Daphne; 'twere a shame to see.
The God, 'not love his Preist, more then his Tree.
  But if heaven take thee, envying us thy Lyre,
  'Tis to pen Anthems for an Angels quire.

Rpt. from The Poems and Amyntas of Thomas Randolph, ed. John Jay Parry. New Haven: Yale UP, 1971. Pp. 84-86.

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT

I. In the memory of the most Worthy BENIAMIN IOHNSON.

Father of Poets, though thine owne great day,
Struck from thy selfe, scornes that a weaker ray
Should twine in lustre with it: yet my flame,
Kindled from thine, flies upwards tow'rds thy Name.
For in the acclamation of the lesse
There's Piety, though from it no accesse.
And though my ruder thoughts make me of those,
Who hide and cover what they should disclose:

Yet, where the lustre's such, he makes it seene
Better to some, that drawes the veile betweene.
  And what can more be hop'd, since that divine
Free filling spirit tooke its flight with thine?
Men may have fury, but no raptures now;
Like Witches, charmes, yet not know whence, nor how.
And through distemper, grown not strong but fierce;
In stead of writing, onely rave in verse:
Which when by thy Lawes judg'd, 'twill be confes'd,
'Twas not to be inspir'd, but be posses'd.
  Where shall we find a Muse like thine, that can
So well present and shew man unto man,
That each one finds his twin, and thinkes thy Art
Extends not to the gestures, but the heart?
Where one so shewing life to life, that we
Think thou taughtst Custome, and not Custome thee?
Manners, that were Themes to thy Scenes still flow
In the same streame, and are their comments now:
These times thus living o're thy Modells, we
Thinke them not so much wit, as prophesie:
And though we know the character, may sweare
A Sybill's finger hath bin busie there.
  Things common thou speakst proper, which though known
For publique, stampt by thee grow thence thine owne:
Thy thoughts so order'd, so expres'd, that we
Conclude that thou didst not discourse, but see:
Language so master'd, that thy numerous feet,
Laden with genuine words, doe alwaies meet
Each in his art; nothing unfit doth fall,
Shewing the Poet, like the wiseman, All:
Thine equall skill thus wresting nothing, made
Thy penne seeme not so much to write as trade.
  That life, that Venus of all things, which we
Conceive or shew, proportion'd decencie,
Is not found scattred in thee here and there,
But, like the soule, is wholly every where.
No strange perplexed maze doth passe for plot,
Thou alwayes dost unty, not cut the knot.
Thy Lab'rinths doores are open'd by one thread
That tyes, and runnes through all that's don or said.
No power comes down with learned hat and rod,
Wit onely, and contrivance is thy god.
  'Tis easie to guild gold: there's small skill spent
Where ev'n the first rude masse is ornament:
Thy Muse tooke harder metalls, purg'd and boild,
Labour'd and try'd, heated, and beate and toyld,
Sifted the drosse, fil'd roughnes, then gave dresse,
Vexing rude subjects into comlinesse.
Be it thy glory then, that we may say,
Thou run'st where th' foote was hindred by the way.
  Nor dost thou poure out, but dispence thy veine,
Skill'd when to spare, and when to entertaine:

Not like our wits, who into one piece do
Throw all that they can say, and their friends too.
Pumping themselves, for one Termes noise so dry,
As if they made their wills in Poetry.
And such spruce compositions presse the stage,
When men transcribe themselves, and not the age.
Both sorts of Playes are thus like pictures showne,
Thine of the common life, theirs of their owne.
  Thy modells yet are not so fram'd, as we
May call them libells, and not imag'rie:
No name on any Basis: 'tis thy skill
To strike the vice, but spare the person still:
As he, who when he saw the Serpent wreath'd
About his sleeping sonne, and as he breath'd,
Drinke in his soule, did so the shoot contrive,
To kill the beast, but keepe the child alive.
So dost thou aime thy darts, which, ev'n when
They kill the poisons, do but wake the men.
Thy thunders thus but purge, and we endure
Thy launcings better then anothers cure;
And justly too: for th' age growes more unsound
From the fooles balsam, then the wisemans wound.
  No rotten talke brokes for a laugh; no page
Commenc'd man by th' instructions of thy stage;
No bargaining line there; no provoc'tive verse;
Nothing but what Lucretia might rehearse;
No need to make good count'nance ill, and use
The plea of strict life for a looser Muse:
No Woman rul'd thy quill: we can descry
No verse borne under any Cynthia's eye:
Thy Starre was judgement onely, and right sense,
Thy selfe being to thy selfe an influence.
Stout beauty is thy grace: Sterne pleasures do
Present delights, but mingle horrours too:
Thy Muse doth thus like Joves fierce girle appeare,
With a faire hand, but grasping of a Speare.
  Where are they now that cry, thy Lamp did drinke
More oyle then th' Authour wine, while he did thinke?
We do imbrace their slaunder: thou hast writ
Not for dispatch but fame; no market wit:
'Twas not thy care, that it might passe and sell,
But that it might endure, and be done well:
Nor would'st thou venture it unto the eare,
Untill the file would not make smooth, but weare:
Thy verse came season'd hence, and would not give;
Borne not to feed the Authour, but to live:
Whence 'mong the choycer Judges rise a strife,
To make thee read as Classick in thy life.
Those that doe hence applause, and suffrage begge,
'Cause they can Poems forme upon one legge,
Write not to time, but to the Poets day:
There's difference between fame, and sodaine pay.

These men sing Kingdomes falls, as if that fate
Us'd the same force t' a Village, and a state:
These serve Thyestes bloody supper in,
As if it had onely a sallad bin;
Their Catilines are but Fencers, whose fights rise
Not to the fame of battell, but of prize.
But thou still put'st true passions on; dost write
With the same courage that try'd Captaines fight;
Giv'st the right blush and colour unto things;
Low without creeping, high without losse of wings;
Smooth, yet not weake, and by a thourough-care,
Bigge, without swelling, without painting faire:
They, wretches, while they cannot stand to fit,
Are not wits, but materialls of wit.
What though thy searching wit did rake the dust
Of time, and purge old mettalls of their rust?
Is it no labour, no art, thinke they, to
Snatch Shipwracks from the deepe, as Dyvers do?
And rescue Jewells from the covetous sand,
Making the Seas hid wealth adorne the Land?
What though thy culling Muse did rob the store
Of Greeke, and Latine gardens to bring ore
Plants to thy native soyle? Their vertues were
Improv'd farre more, by being planted here.
If thy Still to their essence doth refine
So many drugges, is not the water thine?
Thefts thus become just works: they and their grace
Are wholly thine: thus doth the stampe and face
Make that the Kings, that's ravisht from the mine:
In others then 'tis oare, in thee 'tis coine.
  Blest life of Authours, unto whom we owe
Those that we have, and those that we want too:
Th' art all so good, that reading makes thee worse,
And to have writ so well's thine onely curse.
Secure then of thy merit, thou didst hate
That servile base dependance upon fate:
Successe thou ne'r thoughtst vertue, nor that fit,
Which chance, and th' ages fashion did make hit;
Excluding those from life in after-time,
Who into Po'try first brought luck and rime:
Who thought the peoples breath good ayre: sty'ld name
What was but noise; and getting Briefes for fame
Gathered the many's suffrages, and thence
Made commendation a benevolence:
Thy thoughts were their owne Lawrell, and did win
That best applause of being crown'd within.
  And though th' exacting age, when deeper yeeres
Had interwoven snow among thy haires.
Would not permit thou shouldst grow old, cause they
Nere by thy writings knew thee young; we may
Say justly, they're ungratefull, when they more
Condemn'd thee, cause thou wert so good before:

Thine Art was thine Arts blurre, and they'll confesse
Thy strong perfumes made them not smell thy lesse.
But, though to erre with thee be no small skill,
And we adore the last draughts of thy Quill:
Though those thy thoughts, which the now queasie age,
Doth count but clods, and refuse of the stage,
Will come up Porcelaine-wit some hundreds hence,
When there will be more manners, and more sense;
'Twas judgement yet to yeeld, and we afford
Thy silence as much fame, as once thy word:
Who like an aged oake, the leaves being gone,
Wast food before, art now religion;
Thought still more rich, though not so richly stor'd,
View'd and enjoy'd before, but now ador'd.
  Great soule of numbers, whom we want and boast;
Like curing gold, most valu'd now th' art lost;
When we shall feed on refuse offalls, when
We shall from corne to akornes turne agen;
Then shall we see that these two names are one,
JOHNSON and Poetry, which now are gone.

Rpt. from Ben Jonson, ed. C.H. Herford and Percy and Evelyn Simpson, 11 vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1925-52. 455-59.

WILLIAM CAVENDISH

I. To Ben: Ionson's Ghost

I would write of Thee, Ben; not to approue
My witt or Learneing; but my Iudgment, Loue.
But when I think or this or that, to chuse;
Each part of Thee, is too big for my Muse.
Should I compare Thee to Rome's dust, that's dead?
Their witt, to Thine's as heauy as thy lead:
Should I prophane Thee to our liueing Men?
Th'are light as strawes, and feathers to Thee, Ben.
Did wee want Ballads for these shallow tymes,
Or for our winter Nights, some sporting rhymes;
For such weake trifles, wee have witts great store;
Now thou art gone, there's not a Poet more.
Our Country's Glory! Wee may iustly boast
Thus much; more would but raise thy angry Ghost.
We may with sadder blacks behange thy hearse;
All els, were Libells on ourselues, if Verse.
Rest then, in Peace, in our vast Mothers wombe,
Thou art a Monument, without a Tombe.
Is any Infidel? Let him but looke
And read, Hee may be saued by the Booke.

Rpt. from Ben Jonson, ed. C.H. Herford and Percy and Evelyn Simpson, 11 vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1925-52. XI, 489.

ROBERT HERRICK

I. Upon M. Ben. Johnson. Epig.

After the rare Arch-Poet JOHNSON dy'd,
The Sock grew loathsome, and the Buskins pride,
Together with the Stages glory stood
Each like a poore and pitied widowhood.
The Cirque prophan'd was; and all postures rackt:
For men did strut, and stride, and stare, not act.
Then temper flew from words; and men did squeake,
Looke red, and blow, and bluster, but not speake:
No Holy-Rage, or frantick-fires did stirre,
Or flash about the spacious Theater.
No clap of hands, or shout, or praises-proofe
Did crack the Play-house sides, or cleave her roofe.
Artless the Sceane was; and that monstrous sin
Of deep and arrant ignorance came in;
Such ignorance as theirs was, who once hist
At thy unequal'd Play, the Alchymist:
Oh fie upon 'em! Lastly too, all witt
In utter darkeness did, and still will sit
Sleeping the lucklesse Age out, till that she
Her Resurrection ha's again with Thee.

Rpt. from the 1648 edition of Herrick's Hesperides (London).

Kathleen Elizabeth Marley, daughter of Emmett and Virginia Marley, was born on November 26, 1963 in New Brunswick, New Jersey. In 1988, she graduated with a B.A. in English Literature from Fairleigh Dickinson University, Teaneck, New Jersey. Immediately after, she attended Lehigh University on a teaching fellowship, and graduated in October of 1990 with an M.A. in English. She plans to pursue her Ph.D. at New York University in the fall of 1990.